

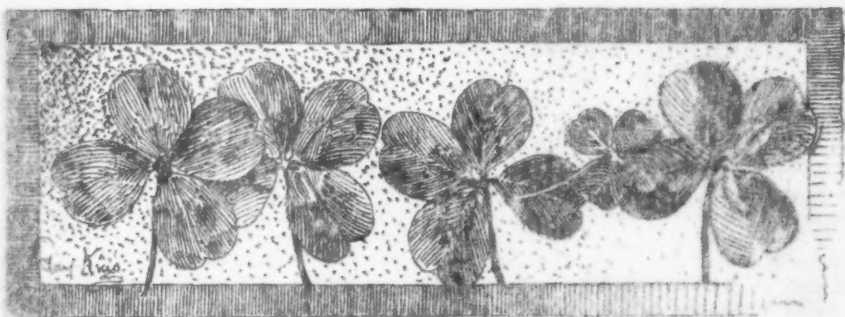
ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIV.

JUNE, 1886.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY DANSEE DANDRIDGE.



WE went a walking on a day—
I and my Irish lover—
And strange to say, upon the way,
We found a four-leaved clover.
"Good luck!" my happy swain did cry,
And pinned it on my breast;
And then—why should I amplify?
All lovers know the rest.

They know what foolish things were said,
What foolish things were done,
On what light wings the moments sped
Until the set of sun;
And neith'r cared to look beyond,
Nor care the future over,
For I was young and he was fond,
And all the world was clover.

O happy days! too quickly flown,
That memory oft returns
We both have saddler, wiser grown,
And care has lines and frown.
Yet still I sometimes look and smile
Upon a faded leaf,
And with a tender thought beguile
My hours of painful grief.

And I have been a happy wife
These twenty years and over;
And he has led a useful life—
He raises wheat and clover.
And all the luck we found that day,
I often think with wonder,
Was in the Fate we both obey,
Which tore us twain asunder.





"Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew."—*The Schoolmistress.*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

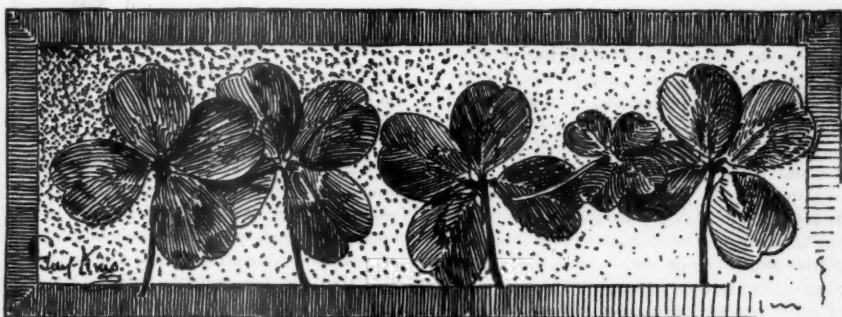
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OLD KEYS.



AMONG the varied implements of daily use which have lived and flourished in the world, it would seem that few can lay claim to greater antiquity than that important and trust-bearing object—the key.

Few things, also, furnish so striking an example of the changes and caprices of men's tastes, from the great diversity of form exhibited in their descent through different ages and in different countries. In these utilitarian times, who would think of expending time, thought, or money on the ornamentation of such objects of use, and only use? The mind of the locksmith is directed solely against thief and burglar, and little he cares for the beauty of his workmanship, be it only proof against insidious attacks. But it has not always been so.

The history of keys abounds with interesting matter and takes us back almost to the beginning of civilization. The exact place and date of their first use has not yet been determined, but their origin has been variously attributed to Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece. We find in Homer's *Odyssey* a simple appliance in the shape of a leathern thong, inserted through a

hole in the door, which, with the help of a ring or hook attached to it, would fasten or unfasten from the outside a bolt within. This was probably the precursor of the key. But when we come down to Roman times, we arrive at a period in which locks and keys were established in constant use. It was a general custom for a Roman bride, on first entering her husband's house, to be presented with



Fig. 1.—ROMAN BRONZE LATCH-KEY.

the keys of the household, except that of the cellar, which, prudently or imprudently, was always left in the custody of the husband. The museums of Europe possess manifold specimens of this epoch, which all bear a strong ancient character, though differing in many varieties of pattern. They are generally made of bronze, but sometimes occur also in iron—or rather, perhaps, the former metal has lasted the longest. Unfortunately, the locks to which they belonged, having been made chiefly of iron, have not withstood decay, and so do not enable us to

judge of their mechanism. But the bronze keys are not unfrequently found in a very perfect condition, and the evidence of their construction is sufficient to show that the handiwork of the Roman locksmith was not unworthy of comparison with that of our own time.

It may not be generally known that the modern latch-key traces its ancestry directly to a Roman origin (Fig. 1), and its descent is steadily kept up through the Middle Ages, as the specimens found at Salisbury and other old English towns abundantly testify.

It must be borne in mind that the key consists of three distinct parts—the handle, or “bow;” the “pipe,” or “stem,” and last, but not least, the “wards.” The Roman key has most commonly a handle in the form of a ring, sometimes of a loop, and its general construction is remarkable for plainness and solidity. Sometimes, also, the stem is so short that the key could be worn as a ring on the finger, and was, in fact, designed for that purpose (Fig. 2). Specimens also occur in which the bow is fashioned in the form of a hand or some other artistic device, just as figures of animals were used by the Romans to ornament the handles of their knives. There is another curious type of Roman key in which the wards are made like a claw or rake, and these were probably used to perform some such simple purpose as the latch-key (Fig. 3). The comparative rudeness of their workmanship points to an early date in the progress of the art, and they make a fair starting-point for the study of the gradual development of their more scientific and ornamental successors.

Having, then, traced the pedigree of the key to its earlier origin, we will now pass on to consider its further progress through the Middle Ages, till it arrives at its culminating point of beauty in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The mediæval key (Figs. 4, 5, and 6) forms



Fig. 2.—ROMAN BRONZE KEY-RING.



Fig. 3.—ROMAN BRONZE KEY.

the connecting link between the ancient Roman and the perfectly artistic work of the Renaissance. In the remarkable Retrospective



Fig. 4.—MEDIEVAL BRONZE KEY.

(From Meltingham Castle, Suffolk.)

This exactly suggests their general character. No earthly gates, one would think, could need to be opened by such poetical and fantastic passports. They have



Fig. 5.—IRON KEY.
(Fourteenth Century. From
Netley Abbey.)

lost the solid, Pagan look of their Roman prototypes, and have assumed an ecclesiastical, pious, and Christian, though still primitive, appearance. A cross, a trefoil, or some such religious device, has been woven into the bow, and now complicated wards or their ornamentation recalls the graceful outlines of a portion of Gothic architecture. It is well known, indeed, that in such early times it was part of the architect's study to design even the metal-work of his buildings, and so small an object as a lock and key did not escape his all-pervading craft. Thus it hap-

pened that the art of the locksmith went hand-in-hand with that of the builder, and the date of either can often be determined with equal certainty. Such keys seem to be truly the proper belongings of friar or abess, if not of knight or crusader. One sees them depicted in missal and tapestry, or carved, as heraldic emblems, on the tomb of bishop and cardinal. The very rust and decay of their material add greatly to their picturesque quaintness, and the charm of their unmistakable antiquity carries them at once from the sphere of the modern world to the distant shadows of a remote past. They suggest the idea of simple, pure, spiritual, and refined beauty, without any admixture of the pomp of worldly and luxurious adornment. They exhibit every variety of design and every token of originality, bespeaking the workmanship of honest and careful hands. It is true that in the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages they do not acquire a really artistic character in point of elaborate finish, but they unflinchingly illustrate the progress and development of their stern originals toward the attainment of perfect beauty.



Fig. 6.—MEDIEVAL BRONZE KEY.

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Then think for one moment all that these old keys would say could they but speak. They would whisper of feudal towers, dungeons deep and dark, the lady stealing forth in the dim moonlight to meet her lover, the jolly friar pausing on the threshold of his cool ale-vaults, the cowed monk plunging his massive key in the choir gate, and pausing, with reverent footstep, ere he entered into the presence of the noble organ. What secrets have these same old keys kept watch and guard over, and what scenes of romance and tragedy have they been accessories to! They are a poem in themselves, a poem, indeed, whose strains have floated down to us across the dust of centuries, and still will echo when much that is now of great esteem shall have passed away forever.

"FOOL'S-PARSLEY."

BY FAUSTINE.

"HE hasn't a ha'pennyworth of soul!—that's why I don't like him, Reinette!" said my Aunt Lois, as she rattled the last of the peas she was shelling into the pan and threw out the pods with unnecessary vigor.

I suppose she may have seen some expression of my feeling written on my face, for she said, more gently, as she came in:

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, child, you know I don't. But you are my own flesh and blood, and I aint a-going to spare you a pin prick now only to see you get a dagger stab by and by. So when you ask me why I don't like Carl Allerton, I tell you why! He's a shallow brook that tries to seem like a deep river! He's two pounds of glitter and not half an ounce of honest coin—that's what Carl Allerton is—you take your old aunt's word for it! Not but what the young man's well enough in his place, far as I know, but I'd put his place some ways off if I had it to say, Reinette, and if he is trying to make his place any nearer to you, child, why just take the warnin' of one that loves you, and don't go and gather fool's-parsley!" and with this she gave her keen eyes a final snap, and left me without further ado.

This conversation took place one sweet summer morning by the cool, morning-glory-shaded window of our great, pleasant kitchen, when I was a maiden of eighteen, living with my Aunt Lois in her dear old country home. I had not another relative on earth, and she but one—the son of a favorite cousin of her youth; but even he, abroad upon the sea, might be living or dead, we could not know. At any rate, we felt that we had only each other, and though we were neither of us very demonstrative, we were of the few to whom "blood is stronger than water."

Aunt Lois was a hale, handsome woman yet, in spite of her fifty years—a capable, kindly, energetic gentlewoman, brusque in manner, but generous and true to her heart's core, I knew. My life had led me to look to her as a guide in all things, and, besides, we loved each other. Therefore her words this morning went deep into my heart.

Long I sat by the quiet window, and watched the bees swinging in the purple bells of the morning-glories or dipping into the clover-heads below, the butterflies flitting here and there, leaving a light kiss on one blossom and another, gone a moment after forever, and deep

in my heart wondered if indeed the keen eyes of my aunt had read aright; if indeed handsome Carl were only like these butterflies, heartless, soulless—coming but to kiss and go!

Then I rose with a sigh and went out into the garden, all ablaze with great crimson roses, glowing poppies, and all the wealth of old-fashioned blossoms. As I breathed in the sweet fragrance of the air and listened to the robins in the apple-trees, my troubles melted away, and I only thought no other summer ever seemed so fair.

While I stood there, with face lifted to the robin's song and the blue sky overhead, a voice called out, "A penny for your thoughts, lady fair!" and over the orchard wall came the object of my recent thoughts, with the sunshine bright in his handsome blonde face, with its blue eyes and merry smile.

"I'm afraid you offer too much," I answered back. "I was only thinking what a lovely day this is, and how cruel that robin is to say it is going to rain!"

"Is that what he says?" queried he, looking up also into the tree where the robin sat uttering his musical notes; "then he is cruel, for I had come to ask you to go out on the river with me. The morning is so delicious! See! I have my fishing-tackle out here, and I meant to coax you to show me that 'capital fishing ground' you were telling me of the other day."

My piscatorial weakness responded at once.

"Oh! that would be delightful!" I said. "And I don't believe it will rain very soon; it don't look the least like it! If it does cloud over the fish will only bite better, and it will be cool and nice coming home. Who else is going? Not Nannie Elwood, I hope. She chattered and splashed her line around so the last time we went that I scarcely caught a fish!"

He threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"What an enthusiastic little Izaak Walton she is, isn't she?" he cried. "Well, no, Nannie isn't going this time; it is Nellie Bartlett and Ned Fleming—and, by the way, they will be waiting for us now—awfully impatiently, too!" and again he laughed, as well he might, at that idea, for Ned and Nellie were notoriously oblivious of time, space, and all things sublunary whenever they were together.

But I sped away to ask Aunt Lois and to put up luncheon.

"Yes, the day is good enough," she said;

"it won't rain right away. Better take your waterproof, though." Then she helped me with the lunch, only saying, as she tucked the snowy napkin over the basket: "Child, while you're a-fishing, be careful that you don't catch a—shark! Now run along!"

Half laughing, half provoked, I ran back to where Carl stood lazily pulling to pieces a great red rose and whistling softly a little air from *The Bohemian Girl*.

Genial, fascinating Carl Allerton! Could it be that Aunt Lois was right—that this most attractive exterior was but the "two pounds of glitter" that held but dross within? Surely, she must be wrong; my heart could not accept her verdict.

Out on the river, dancing along in our light skiff over the sparkling water, with the old story glowing in the eyes that spoke so eloquently to mine, with youth and love and summertime melting together in my heart, what wonder that my warning faded away like a shadow, and I only remembered that I was happy!

At last our boat was safely fastened at our landing-place, and under the shadow of the great overhanging trees, we merrily threw our lines and waited for our reward. But somehow the sport soon languished. Ned and Nellie, with the inevitable fate of lovers, drifted off to a cozy corner by themselves, and Carl soon came and seated himself by me on the gnarled old tree-trunk jutting over the river, while our lines swayed unnoticed below.

Dreamy snatches of conversation, soft lulls of silence, looks that said more than words had ever done, and, over all, the glamor of a young girl's first dream of love.

Carl had taken my hand, and was turning round and round upon my finger a ring that had been my mother's.

"Diamonds!" he said. "Extravagant child, to wear diamond rings on a fishing excursion! But then, perhaps, there is a reason for it. Certain rings, I believe, are never to be taken off until replaced by a plainer one. Is it not so?"

"I don't know," I answered. "This was my mother's—her engagement ring. Aunt Lois gave it to me on my eighteenth birthday, and I always wear it; it has her name on it, the same as mine—Reinette."

"Reinette!" he repeated, softly; "it is a beautiful name, and has a beautiful meaning. Do you know what it means?"

"No," I answered, "I have never thought about it."

"It means 'Little Queen,'" he said, drawing me closer; "and it only needs one little word more to make it the sweetest name that my lips

ever spoke. May I speak it, Little Queen? My heart waits but your royal mandate."

And my heart—only its mad tumult of joy held my lips silent.

"I say, Allerton," came Ned Fleming's voice, like a rude discord across a wave of exquisite music, "do you know it's sprinkling? I felt two great drops on my face just now, and it's a long afternoon and we are more than an hour from home, if we do our best. We had better have a pretty lively banquet and get to our oars!"

My sweet dream was shattered for the time, but I could still be happy with its fragments.

Merrily we spread our lunch, and were soon on our homeward way, reaching home just as the light, pattering drops changed into a swift shower.

Running lightly up into the shelter of the vine-clad piazza, Carl and I, hand in hand, came suddenly upon Aunt Lois sitting with her head bowed upon her hand, and, as she looked up to greet us, some expression upon her face led me to exclaim:

"What is it, auntie? Are you sick? is anything the matter?"

"Matter enough—for you, child! It does not matter so much to an old woman like me; though, if we can't save our old home—" stopping suddenly and turning her face away. Then she got up, and, handing me a paper, said: "Here, this will tell you better than I can!" and went away into the house.

"What is it?—what can she mean?" asked Carl; and together we read the paragraph to which she had pointed.

Only a few words to tell that Aunt Lois and I were ruined—that the stock that yesterday represented millions was to-day but worthless paper, that to day hundreds were poor that yesterday were rich. A common enough story in this age of ups and downs, but to us a blow of which we had never dreamed.

Briefly I told Carl what it meant to us—those few lines that meant so little to the world at large—that the wealth left by my father to his only child, and all Aunt Lois's savings for her old age, had taken flight.

And yet, while I realized our loss, and regretted it, it was more for Aunt Lois's sake than my own; for did not Carl love me? would I not have Carl? All other losses could matter but little now that I was his—his "Little Queen!"

But he stood silent now, pulling his mustache slowly through his fingers, as he leaned against one of the pillars of the piazza. Perhaps my gaze, as I waited for him to speak, reminded him of his remissness, for he flushed as he roused himself and said:

"I was thinking what a beastly shame it is that such wholesale plunder should go on. You

may be sure that the president of that concern, and some of his fellow thieves, perhaps, have gone out with their pockets full, while you and others like you must suffer for it! Rather sorry consolation for you, isn't it? You have my sympathy, at any rate, and perhaps it may turn out to be not quite so bad as it appears now. Let us hope so. But I think the rain has stopped now, and I must be off before it starts up again. Good-night! and tell your aunt how much I regret her misfortune."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. Allerton!" responded Aunt Lois herself, from the doorway.

And then I stood, numbed and silent, watching Carl Allerton as he passed down the garden walk brushing the rain drops from the crimson roses, and humming lightly the song of the morning:

"Then you'll remember—
You'll remember me!"

without a backward look, without one kind word, after all that had passed between us but to-day!

Like a flash came again to me Aunt Lois's warning: "Don't pick fool's-parsley!" The homely words brought the hot blood of wounded pride to my face. Had I, then, been so much in need of that warning? As some had been lured to death by the poison hidden within the spurious plant, had I been tasting, too?

Mercifully, Aunt Lois left me to myself, and through the long night I lay, torn by conflicting emotions, learning the first of my hard lessons in the school of life.

We did not speak much of our loss, Aunt Lois and I, it was not our way. Only I had asked, "Will it change our life much, auntie?" And she had answered, "Not much, I hope, we have our home the same, and enough to live on among our old friends. But you will no longer be spoken of as the richest girl in Newton—you may not make as many new friends—or may lose them."

I made no reply; in my heart I knew what she meant.

Weeks went by; Carl Allerton and I often met, passed the current coin of small talk to and fro, laughed and jested and sang together, but the question asked at the river side was never answered, and never, never repeated. Unacknowledged even to myself, I began to feel that Aunt Lois had been wiser than I. To my own humiliated girl heart I owned that Carl Allerton had wooed my money and not me.

Before the summer had entirely faded, I heard without a pang that he and Nannie Elwood, "the richest girl in Newton," were to be married.

Soon after this, to our great surprise, big, bearded, and brown, came back to us from over the sea Aunt Lois's "sailor boy" and my old playfellow, Lawrence Kent, after six years of absence and silence. The tall, beardless youth, silent and shy, who had kissed us good-bye, "to seek his fortune," was gone forever. This easy-mannered, well-informed, and self-contained stranger bore but the old name; thus said Aunt Lois and I to each other on his arrival. But in a week the house was ringing with the old-time laughter and frolic, and "Reine" and "Lawrie" were, as Aunt Lois declared, "just as troublesome children as ever!" And before the Christmas snows flew I had promised to give the rest of my life to Lawrence, come weal or come woe. "But, remember, I am poor, Lawrie," I said, as he drew my head against his heart. "But I am rich, love," he answered me, "always while I have you!"

"Reinette," said Aunt Lois, as she drew out the white folds of my satin dress as I stood arrayed for my bridal, "you thought me extravagant to buy this for you, but I neglected to tell you that your own money paid for it. As it happened, my lawyer warned me in time that our money was invested in a risky concern, and every dollar of it was drawn out before the crash came."

"Aunt Lois!" I cried. "And you knew this all the time—you made me believe—"

"That all is not gold that glitters," she interrupted, "and I didn't break any of the Commandments, either!"

Against her true heart she drew me close, while I whispered in her ear, "Dear auntie, but for you I should surely have gathered the fool's-parsley."

OUR MOSAICS.

WE read of the old mosaics
By the masters of long ago,
And how, 'neath the hand of the skillful,
They to wonderful beauty would grow.
The parts of this marvelous picture
Were of different outline and hue,
So fitted and joined together
That into completeness it grew.

We each are making mosaics,
We are living our picture by days,
And either in beauty or discord,
It grows to completeness, always.
Our deeds give the days form and color,
As they slip to their place one by one.
May we hear, at last, from the Master,
"It is finished, my child, and well done."

MARIE MARLE.

SUMMER RAIN.

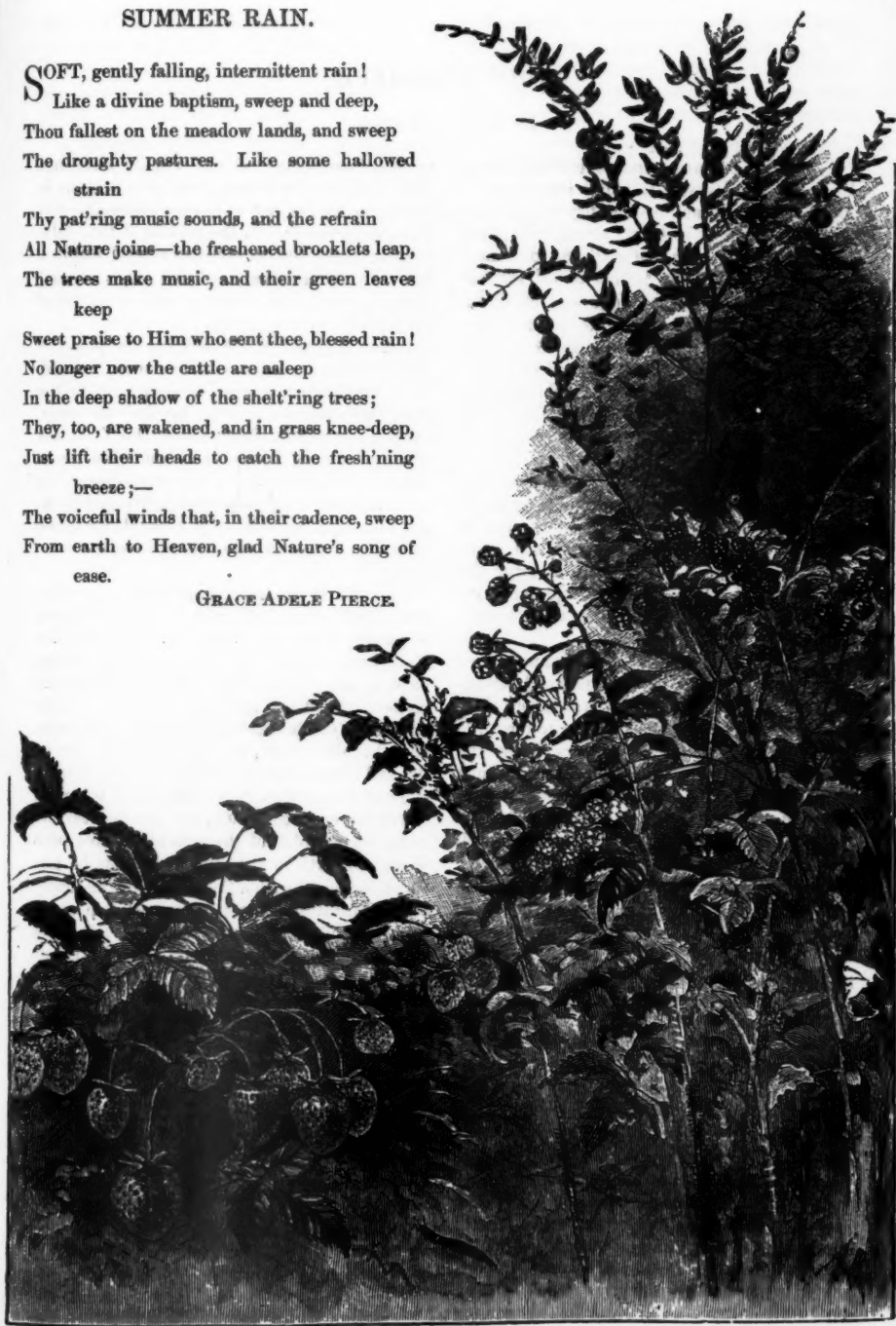
SOFT, gently falling, intermittent rain!
Like a divine baptism, sweep and deep,
Thou fallest on the meadow lands, and sweep
The droughty pastures. Like some hallowed
strain

Thy pat'ring music sounds, and the refrain
All Nature joins—the freshened brooklets leap,
The trees make music, and their green leaves
keep

Sweet praise to Him who sent thee, blessed rain!
No longer now the cattle are asleep
In the deep shadow of the shelt'ring trees;
They, too, are wakened, and in grass knee-deep,
Just lift their heads to catch the fresh'ning
breeze;—

The voiceful winds that, in their cadence, sweep
From earth to Heaven, glad Nature's song of
ease.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



JOHN WYCLIFFE.

By H. S. ATWATER.

IN this age of broad and enlightened ideas people scarcely stop to think how much of liberty of thought and feeling they enjoy. Perhaps use accustoms us to all things, but never should it blunt the sense of gratitude for a good enjoyed. Especially so is this in all matters pertaining to the eternal welfare of mankind, and we of the present century, to whom a new truth is but a fact to be investigated, proved, and welcomed, or, at the most, passed by with a disapproving look of grave dissent, seldom pause to think of what it implied to enunciate a new discovery or promulgate a strange religious truth in the past centuries.

Strange, is it not, that the lurid flames of burning heretics, the sadly echoing cries of those who were torn on the rack, devoured in the arena by fierce beasts, should not have shown more plainly to the world at large the sentiment of brotherly love, and a profound respect for the god-like intelligence of each individual?

But the great, immutable laws of nature move inexorably on, and monstrous abuse and persistent defiance of right is sure to bring about their own destruction, and thus it was toward the middle of the fourteenth century when the power of the Church of Rome assumed such gigantic proportions and her exactions so great a burden upon the people of England.

Deep mutterings of discontent, dating back from the time of the pusillanimous King John I, and strengthened as they were by the abominable massacre of the Albigenses, refused to be longer silenced. All was ripe for retribution, and with the time arose its champion in the person of John de Wycliffe, subject of this sketch.

As far back as 1245 the Barons of England, groaning under the exactions of the Romish Church, sent a deputation to lay their complaints before a General Council assembled at Lyons, over which the Pope presided, and some faint idea may be formed of the tremendous tyranny of Rome at that time by the termination of the complaint, which concluded in these, for the times, remarkable words: "We can no longer, with any patience, bear the aforesaid oppressions of the Court of Rome, which, as they are detestable to God and men, are intolerable to us; neither, by the grace of God, will we any longer endure them;" and this from a nation of which the Crown was at that time the

professed supporter of the Papal authority. The only singular thing about this account is that there should not have been an open revolt when we know that in the middle of this thirteenth century the country was robbed within a few years of nine hundred and fifty thousand marks, a sum equal to *twelve millions sterling* of the present British money.

Under the reign of Edward III the power of England rapidly arose, and two men, learned, pious, and powerful, came prominently to the front and prepared the way for their successor, John de Wycliffe, Bradwardin, the Chaplain and Confessor of Edward, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, "a profound doctor," as well as possessed of deep spirituality, and Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, for whose name Wycliffe ever retained the deepest veneration.

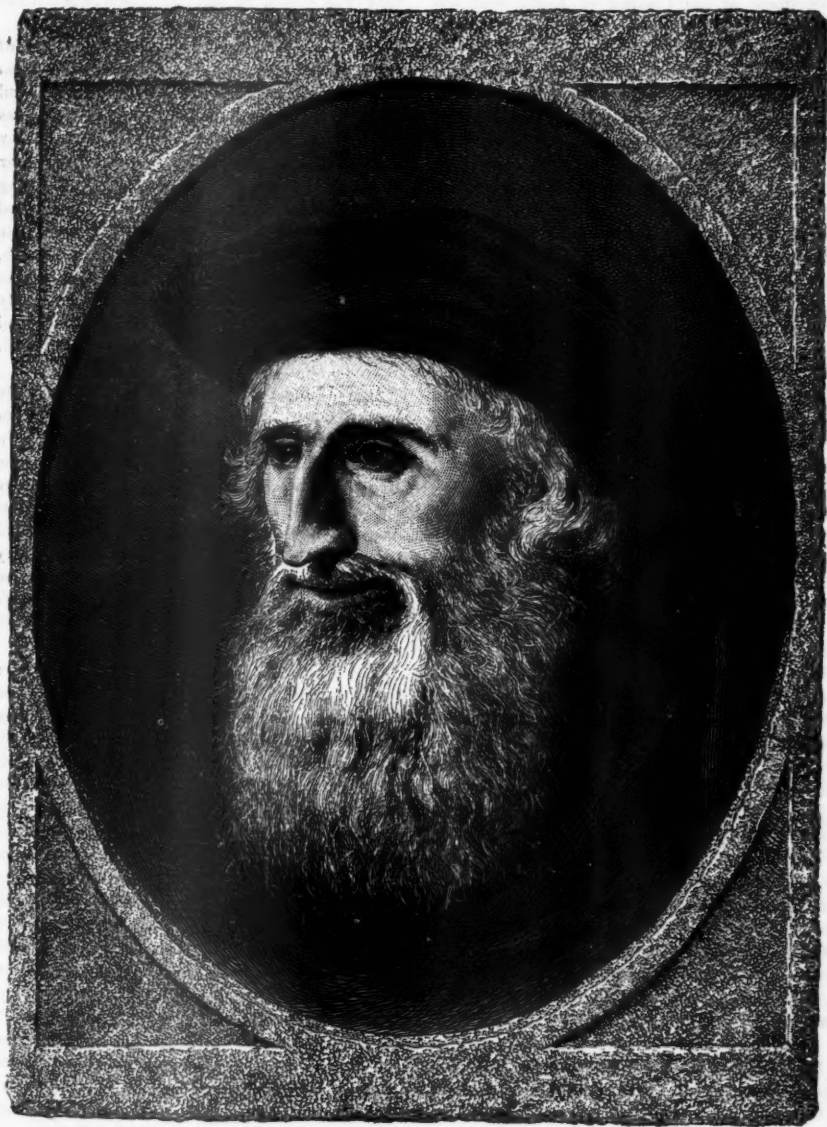
John de Wycliffe was born 1324, a century and a half before Luther, in the little village of Wycliffe, about six miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire, the family of the Wycliffes dating back to the Norman Conquest, and giving its name to the village and rectory. Of the child John de Wycliffe there are but meagre accounts, and the old church, now in ruins, tells by its flat and broken roof and dripping walls the sad story of time and neglect. No record is kept of Wycliffe's early education, but the fearless and independent spirit of the man must have been shadowed forth in the child, who may be pictured threading with a fleet, sure foot the lonely and beautiful seaside road between his home of Wycliffe and Egglestone Abbey, where, it being the nearest institution, Wycliffe may naturally be supposed to have been educated. Who shall deny that the beautiful country inland and the restless waters of the sea did not instill into the soul of Wycliffe a deep reverence for the God of nature and a profound conviction of the simplicity of all great truths.

In 1340 his name was one of the first enrolled as a Commoner in Queen's Chapel, and Oxford, though in its infancy, was then, as now, beloved as the seat of a University and for its historical fame, though, judging from the account of Geoffrey Chaucer, the student in those days was not as well accommodated as those of the present time:

"A Clerk there was from Oxford in the press,
Who in pure logic placed his happiness.

His horse was lean as any garden rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake,
But hollow-looking and sober and ill-fed.
His uppermost short cloak was a bare thread,
For he had got no benefice as yet,

However, Wycliffe was called upon but a short time to endure these discomforts, for he soon left Queen's for Merton, the most distinguished college in Oxford, and it was there that he acquired the title of the "Evangelical



Nor for a worldly office was he fit,
For he had rather have at his bed's head
Some twenty volumes clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than riches, robes, fiddle, or psaltery."

Doctor," from the bent of his lectures and studies.

But in the lives of almost every human being there is a certain bias, which, given an impetus, tends to color and direct the whole future of the

person concerned. So the Great Plague, preceded as it was by the tremendous rains of 1347, a calamity in themselves, appeared to John Wycliffe, then twenty-three years of age, a direct retribution on the overwhelming power and wickedness of the Church of Rome, and his opinions finally found vent in the publication of his first tract against the corruptions of Rome, entitled *The Last Age of the Church*, in which he prophesied that the world was coming to an end owing to these abominations. Although of no value as far as the prophecy was concerned, the spirit manifested in it was such as to draw the attention of all thinking people, to whom his subsequent conduct in his resistance to the encroachments of the Mendicant Friars, seemed to set him forth as England's champion against the encroachments of Rome, and nobly did he fulfill their expectations.

This order of Mendicant Friars was instituted by Pope Innocent III in the thirteenth century, who intended that their primitive simplicity and self-denial should exert a beneficial effect in checking the growing corruption and luxury of the priesthood, but, contrary to expectation, they overran the country, imposing upon the people and, for their own profit, abusing the privilege granted them by the Holy Father, until at length they became before the Reformation what the Jesuits have ever since been—the life and soul of the Roman Catholic faith.

Fitzralph, the Primate of Armagh, was a bitter opponent of these swindling friars, and in 1357 published his *Conclusions*, in which he sweepingly condemns the entire order, and Wycliffe, following in his footsteps, published his *Objections to the Friars*, in which he charged them with "deceiving and pillaging" the public by "Letters of Fraternity, powdered with hypocrisy, covetousness, and blasphemy." So great a service did he thus render, combined with the admirable manner in which he discharged his duties of Chaplain of Oxford, that he was presented with a living of Fillingham, and shortly after was appointed to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, but the latter position he was not to keep long, as through various machinations he was unjustly deprived of this office, much to his regret.

Still, the conflict between the nation and the "Scarlet Woman" raged, men's minds and spirits glowing in a white heat of indignation, until in 1365, when Pope Urban V demanded all back arrears and performance of feudal homage, the British Parliament arose in the might of a righteous wrath, and renounced all vassalage to the See of Rome.

It was now that Wycliffe stood forth the pro-

nounced champion of the nation, replying to the challenge of the Romish monk with such ability and power that the question of vassalage was forever settled in favor of the independence of England, while at the same time, a severe blow was struck by the Parliament against the Mendicant Friars.

This, however, was but a small effort toward the end, for numerous other abuses existed too evil in their effects to be lightly regarded, and in 1374 an embassy, at the head of which was the Bishop of Bangor and Wycliffe, was sent by Parliament to negotiate with the Pope's Envoy in the famed city of Bruges, and it was during this period of absence that the King appointed Wycliffe Prebend of Aust, in the Collegiate Church of Westbury, and Rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He was detained in Bruges two years, without receiving more than empty promises, and he returned home indignant and more staunch an adversary against the Church of Rome than ever before.

In 1377 the clergy, alarmed at his persistently hostile truths, called for official interference to silence him, and on February 19th, 1377, in answer to a summons to the Convention, the Reformer entered Saint Paul's, accompanied by the Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England. An immense crowd thronged the church, and after many angry words between the Duke and Bishop of London the meeting broke up in confusion, Wycliffe's life and those of his companions being much endangered by the violence of the people.

The following June, 1377, four bulls were issued against John de Wycliffe by the Pope, who denounced him as a heretic and commanded that he should be treated accordingly. It was therefore in pursuance of this mandate that Wycliffe was cited to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth, early in 1378. This order he obeyed, and the people, siding with the Reformer, appeared determined to defend him. At this juncture a message from the Queen-mother was delivered by Sir Lewis Clifford, forbidding the Court to proceed, and Wycliffe was dismissed with the stern admonition to abstain in the future from heretical preaching and teaching.

But a spirit like that of Wycliffe was not to be thus subdued, and instituting a brotherhood of "poor priests" to travel in the humblest manner over the country, thus distributed his translation of the Scriptures among the common people, and in 1381 he finished this noble and arduous work of translation, people paying as high as thirty pounds of English money for the New Testament, and we read that a certain Nicholas Belward was summoned before the

court for buying a New Testament for four marks and forty pence—nearly forty-five pounds six shillings—and for inducing William Wright and his wife Margery to read it.

Following up the seed thus grandly sown, he then attacked the doctrine of transubstantiation, which naturally excited the rage of his enemies still more against him, and the consequence was, he was forbidden to teach and a sentence of excommunication was published against him, and so great was the feeling excited, that many of his friends deserted him; but still his heart failed not, for, summoned before the Convocation, instead of recanting he fearlessly reproached the "priests of Baal," then, raising his venerable head, looked steadfastly on his judge, saying, "The truth shall prevail," and withdrew, retiring to his rectory at Lutterworth, heartsick, enfeebled in body, but strong and steadfast in faith and truth.

Here he labored as he had ever done, defying Papistry even unto an edict of the Pope summoning him to Rome, and after a long life of fearless truth and noble struggle against a mighty imposition, he was seized with paralysis on December 29th, 1384, while attending mass in Lutterworth Church, and after lingering for two days, died peacefully on the last day of the

year 1384, in the sixty-first year of his age, eliciting by his peaceful end the following comment from Fuller: "Admirable, that a hare so often hunted with so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly sitting in his form."

One would suppose that his death would have sated the hatred of his enemies, but his body, after having been buried in the chancel of Lutterworth Church for thirty years, was ordered to be exhumed by the Council of Constance with these words, "that if his body and bones might be discovered and known from the bodies of other faithful people, they should be taken from the ground, thrown far away from the burial of any church, according to the canon laws and decrees," but "though they dug up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of this doctrine, with the truth and success thereof, they could not burn, which yet to this day, for the most part of his articles do remain."

Stupendous Spirit of Truth, thus shalt thou forever prevail, grand, supreme, superb, while the little fury of man rages and tears at thy base, and dashes itself impotently against thy power, dwarfed into insignificance by thy unchangeableness, and awed into silence by thy Godlike patience.

IN JUNE.

SO sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing everywhere;
So sweet the water's song through reeds and
rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover
The west wind blowing, blowing up the hill;
So sweet, so sweet, with news of some one's lover,
Fleet footsteps, ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes;
Now, plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear;
And, water, hush your song through reeds and
rushes,
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,
Plover or blackbird never heeding me;
So loud the mill-stream, too, kept fretting, falling
ing
On bar and bank in brawling, boisterous
glee.

So loud, so loud, yet blackbird, thrush, nor
plover,
Nor noisy mill-stream in its fret and fall,
Could drown the voice, the low voice, of my
lover,
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

Then down and off, and through the fields of
clover,
I followed, followed, at my lover's call,
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and
fall.



BOYHOOD.

THE END OF A QUARREL.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

MIDSUMMER. Indoors, merry voices and rippling laughter, a fresh fragrance of sweetbrier and roses, trailing sprays of ivy and garlands of ox-eyed daisies littered about, the open fireplaces filled in with cool, green ferns; and outside, hill and dale and river lying calm beneath the shining sun.

At the window of an attic-room, which was fitted up as a workshop, stood a tall, rather gloomy-looking, man. The pleasant odors wafted up from below, the light laughter rang around him, yet he stood alone looking out over the quiet landscape, lost in his own sad thoughts.

There came a rush of scampering feet and voices calling his name:

"Mr. Ashton!" "Edward!" "O Mr. Ashton! come down!"

"The curtain won't work!"

"The footlights are a failure!"

"Mr. Bruce says his wig won't stay on!"

"And Mary's Cinderella slipper is a league and a half too big for her! Come on down and give us some advice. We'd go up to fetch you, but are afraid to enter your forbidden den."

The last speaker, his cousin, Isabel Lee, had ventured up as far as the door. As Mr. Ashton turned to answer, she pretended to be stricken with terror at the sight of the instruments and machines, and fled, with a musical shriek which enraptured the little crowd below and was greeted with applause.

Mr. Ashton sighed, locked his work-room, and descended slowly to the large apartment which had been turned into a miniature theatre and was occupied by a picturesquely attired group of young people and an elderly lady, who was busied in arranging some decorations with as keen an interest as the youngest present.

"Oh! there you are, my son," she said. "We were wanting you."

"What am I to do?" he inquired, gravely.

"The first thing we beg," cried Isabel, saucily, "is, that you 'look a little pleasant,' as the photographers say."

He smiled kindly on her.

"Will that do?"

"For a beginning it is not bad. But seriously, Edward—"

"I thought you were just requesting me *not* to be serious!"

"Nonsense! Listen to me. We really need professional assistance. If our performance fails next week, when half the town and more have been invited, we shall be the laughing-stock of the States. That newspaper 'chief will tak' notes, and faith,' he'll telegraph them from Alaska to Florida. Ho there! a dagger! Death is preferable to absurdity!"

"I thought Mr. Bruce—" began Mr. Ashton.

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow," interrupted Bruce, vainly endeavoring to fit on his rebellious wig at a mirror as he spoke, "I thought so, too. I have been manager before for amateurs, but never had such a set as this to control. Here's Vaughn persists in introducing an impossible imp as attendant on the Fairy Godmother, and his only excuse is that he happens to possess a fire-breathing affair which properly belongs to Faust or Jack-the-Giant-Killer or anything else with bad spirits and ogres, but was never heard of, in song or story, as even remotely connected with Cinderella. And the ladies say they like it—'it is so nice and startling!' There! I've got that wig on at last; and now the question is, can I get it off again without decapitation? How do I look?"

"Sweet!" answered Mary Vaughn; "just like a real prince of romantic lore, with that golden fringe and flowing hair. Only, don't you think you could get along without your *pince-nez*? I don't remember that Cinderella's lover was near-sighted."

"I couldn't see an inch before me if I left it off."

"Then you needn't talk about introducing novelties into Cinderella," laughed Harry Vaughn; "imps are more probable than eyeglasses in romances of that sort."

"Isn't Louise Aldrich a delicious witch with that pointed hat and broomstick!" exclaimed Isabel.

"But there wasn't any broomstick, and a fairy godmother isn't a witch!"

An animated discussion followed, during which Mrs. Ashton drew her son aside.

"Edward," she said, nervously, "your father and I have invited Kamilla Rosara."

"Mother!"

"Wait a moment—"

"I shall leave the house to-night," he interrupted, sternly; "it could not be agreeable to her, and it is far too painful to me."

"Listen to me," she implored, detaining him.
 "Kamilla wrote to me, saying that she was
 tired and homesick; do you hear that, Edward?"

you are still abroad. But what did the dear
 girl do, my son, that you should be so un-
 forgiving? Surely, if she felt a wish to



"WHILE LITTLE LINDA TOOK LESSONS IN STITCHERY."—p. 419.

homesick for us and for the dear old house, and
 asked if she might come on a visit."

"She did not mention—" He hesitated.

"Mention you? No. I think she supposes

support herself independently she had the
 right."

"Scarcely. When you adopted her in Ger-
 many after her mother's death and brought her

home as your own daughter, her duty was to remain with us—with you, I mean; and it was heartless and ungrateful for her to leave you so."

"Consider. She knew you were engaged to Isabel—"

"She perhaps knew I had been, until we broke it off by mutual consent. That was a family arrangement, not an affair of the heart. Isabel is very fond of Bruce; an accident revealed it to me, and I released her willingly."

"Kamilla knew nothing of all that. She believed you were to marry your cousin, and she could not expect to remain here. Although we opposed her studying for the stage, yet since she has made such a success of it and has been so respected in her career, I must say I begin to think the child knew best. After all, it was her mother's profession. As for her marriage, you know the circumstances were peculiar. She felt herself under heavy obligations to old Herr Rosara, and now that she is a widow with a little child—named for me, too, Edward—surely you ought to try to feel more kindly toward her. Your father is longing to see her. With the rest of the house so full of gay company, he would enjoy having his little Kamilla to read to him in his own study, as she used to do."

"You are mistress, mother, in your own house, and are free, of course, to receive whom you please. But Kamilla and I quarreled rather fiercely before she left, and I don't think she would care to meet me any more than I should to meet her. She thinks I am away; of course, I must go. When do you expect her?"

"She was uncertain; but thought she might arrive to-night."

"You haven't left me much time, I must say," he responded, a little bitterly. "Well"—addressing the others—"my mother has made arrangements for professional aid. Mme. Rosara is expected this evening. I am suddenly called to town. I wish you all success and good-bye."

To the clamor of tongues which was raised as he strode off, he made no reply.

"Edward grows crosser and more disagreeable, if you will excuse me, auntie, every day of his life," said Isabel, pouting.

"He is annoyed just now, my dear," replies the mother, patiently. But a pained look settled on her face.

Meanwhile, a dainty little woman, with a pretty child, was looking about her in some dismay as she stood at the station and found no means of conveyance. Then, nothing daunted, she gave some directions about her luggage and started out to walk.

The road was shady, the air fresh and cool, every step of the way was familiar, and all un-

heeding of her daughter's constant chatter, endless questions, and delighted wonder, over hedge rose and field daisy she walked on, in silent gladness not unmixed with pain. Some one has said that it is not the changes that we find after a long absence which causes our sadness on returning, but rather the fact that everything has remained so much the same while we ourselves have altered. So Kamilla found it. To be sure, the trees were a little taller around the large, rather rambling stone mansion, now plainly visible from the place where she stood; one little willow she and Edward had planted on a birthday ten years before was now swaying great branches to and fro in the summer breeze; the ivy, too, was a trifle thicker on the eastern wall, but what were these to the changes that had come to her heart and life?

Deeply buried in these reflections, she was suddenly startled by a cry as a phaeton dashed past her. She has only time to catch the little girl and cling to a laurel bough to save herself from falling down a steep bank. Bewildered by the shock, she was vainly endeavoring to calm the frightened child, when a gentleman came hurrying back to offer apologies and assistance.

"Kamilla! are you hurt?" the tone was quiet, even cold, yet something of suppressed anxiety told her that he was less indifferent than he would have her believe. "Your child," he added more kindly, "is she at all injured? Shall I drive on for medical aid?"

"Mr. Ashton! is that really you? No, no, we are not hurt; only excessively alarmed; it was so unexpected. There, there, my Linda, dry your tears; you will laugh at this to-morrow. Come, now, be good." As the little one's sobs died away under the soothing influence, Mme. Rosara turned again to Mr. Ashton. "You were going to the station to meet us? how kind. I got here by an earlier train than I expected, and I did feel a little desolate at finding no one there, although, of course, I knew they did not look for me before evening."

"I was not going down to meet you. In fact, I was going away."

"Because of my coming? Then you have not forgotten our old quarrel. Let me tell you—" the little brown head rose proudly—"that nothing, *nothing* could have induced me to come here had I known you were home. I thought you were still in Europe."

"I won't trouble you by my presence, Madame, but I have lost this train by my driver's stupid haste, and, of course, you must permit me to drive you home."

"I would rather walk with Linda."

"But I cannot allow that," he said, firmly.

"The house is full of visitors; there is no use in parading our quarrel before everybody."

"You will do that yourself if you leave as soon as I arrive. It is not showing much respect to your mother's guest." There was a hint of tears in the soft voice, and the blue eyes were fixed on the ground.

Mr. Ashton struggled with himself for a moment.

"Very well, then. I will stay, if you desire it."

"Is Miss Lee at the house?" she queried, abruptly.

"My Cousin Isabel? Yes."

"Oh! then it cannot be much of a hardship

politely, as he shook hands. "Although you may not recognize us, you have met us all before. Here is Miss Lee, Miss Aldrich, and Mr. Vaughn; Miss Mary and the others will be here in a moment. We had a rehearsal this afternoon, and the fact is we are so fascinated with ourselves in these disguises that we can't be persuaded to take them off. So, Ashton," he added, turning to him, "then you changed your mind about going away?"

"Yes."

While he was speaking, Mrs. Ashton came forward, followed by her husband. She folded her arms around Kamilla, and it seemed as if



"MAY PEACE BE WITH YOU, MY CHILDREN."—p. 421.

for you to remain, so I accept your offer to do so."

"We need not begin quarreling immediately, Kamilla," he returned, grimly. "We shall have a week or two together; you will have other opportunities."

"Unless we discuss machinery," she laughed; "that is the only safe topic between us."

He handed her into the phaeton, where Linda was already seated, took the reins from the driver, and they drove on in silence.

Mme. Rosara and little Linda had another startling surprise as the front door was flung open by Mr. Bruce, in his shining blonde wig, attended by Isabel Lee, in a fantastic costume as "Proud Sister," followed by the fire-breathing Vaughn and the witch.

"Pardon us, Madame, for thus throwing your profession, as it were, in your face," said Bruce,

they would never let each other go; then the father had to have his turn; but he was so taken up with caressing little Linda that he could only bestow a divided attention upon his former pet and *protégée*.

After that, Mme. Rosara was conducted to her room with arms still entwined around her adopted mother, and escorted by all the happy girls, who petted her, waited on her, helped her off with her things, showered attentions on her child, told her the news, and plied her with questions all in a breath. Kamilla was evidently an old favorite with them all. At first, Miss Lee was as ardent in her ministrations as any of them; but Kamilla, sweet and gentle to all the others, was cold as ice itself to Isabel, who finally noticed it, and, trying vainly to account for it, shrank back abashed and rebuffed, and presently slipped away.

After wandering around aimlessly for awhile, she went into the room where they had been rehearsing, feeling hurt and sore, and yet unconscious of having done anything to deserve Kamilla's coldness. Tears were dangerously near. She concealed herself behind the curtain—the ridiculous curtain, which had so stubbornly refused to draw up and down—and supposing herself alone, sank down into Cinderella's chair and began to cry comfortably, when some one said:

"Oh! this tiresome wig! Has it grown to my scalp? Is that you, Miss Belle? Help me to unfasten it, won't you, please? But what's the matter?—tears? Let me see?" He dragged her unwillingly to the light and scrutinized her coolly. "Yes, you've been crying. Now what for? who vexed you?"

"I don't believe you are a bit near-sighted, Mr. Bruce," she said, pettishly, trying to draw away her hand. "You only wear that *pince-nez* for affectation."

"I can see clearly anything and all things that concern you, my darling," he answered, gently, wiping away the last traces of a tear with his own soft cambric. "There, don't cry any more; I have something to ask you. To-morrow is my birthday. Will you give yourself to me as my birthday gift and let me give you this ring?"

"But—"

"But what then?"

"Did you know that I was once engaged to Edward?"

"Oh! yes, I know all about that. Answer my question—will you accept my ring and be engaged to me?"

She nodded shyly, and he made sure of her at once by sliding a blazing diamond hoop over her engaged finger.

"No breaking *this* off—mind."

"I broke off the other because—for the sake of—"

"Because of what? for the sake of whom?"—frowning darkly.

"Of—for—you. But O Mr. Bruce! you haven't taken off that yellow wig, and you do look so funny."

"No worse than you in your 'Proud Sister' finery."

Then they both laughed, and were perfectly, foolishly happy and pleased with themselves and all the world besides.

The evening rehearsal went off very smoothly, thanks to Mme. Rosara's hints. The footlights were coaxed into good behavior and the curtain went up and down as it ought to do; the popular imp was graciously permitted to breathe his fire, though the broomstick was summarily banished and the witch's hat modified. They were more than ever charmed with their own per-

formance, and began to hope for, instead of dreading, the newspaper man and his note-book.

During the week that followed, Kamilla fell, naturally, into her former place. She occupied her own old room, which had never been altered. Years ago she had arranged it, as nearly as possible, like her own mother's room at Dresden, with bare brown floor, and white curtains parted before the deep window-seat, where stood her work-table, a pot of myrtle, and one of fragrant, flowering geranium. Here each day she passed some hours of her time in needlework, while little Linda took lessons in stitchery with an aptitude that proved her descent from a long line of ancestors industrious and deft.

It was the day before the performance. Mme. Rosara, thus engaged, was sitting by her window, when, in response to a knock, she called, "Come in," and Isabel Lee entered to ask advice about her dress. As she explained her idea, Kamilla noticed the flashing diamond on her hand. She turned very pale, and as Miss Lee observed it, a sudden light crossed her astute brain.

"Congratulate me, Kamilla," she said; "I am going to be married."

"I always knew you were to marry Mr. Ashton," answered the little actress, stiffly; "I knew that years ago."

"Oh! no, that was not our doing; it was a family arrangement and fell through. We broke it off at the first chance, for I suspected that he cared for some one else, and he knew I didn't care for him except as a cousin. Now I am engaged to—guess? Mr. Bruce. Won't you wish me happiness?"

"With all my heart;" and for the first time Kamilla clasped her hand cordially and kissed her cheek. "Forgive me, but—" She stopped in some confusion.

"I thought you would be pleased," said Isabel, simply. "Isn't it a pity," she added, after a moment's silence, "that Edward shuts himself up so in that dull, dark work-room. Imagine him there toiling over his hateful machines and tiresome calculations, while we are so bright and cheerful down here."

"Does he still have that workshop and dream of inventing impossible machines to lighten the labors of the sun, moon, and stars?"

"And the world as well!" sighed Isabel, in mock despair. "Yes, my dear, he not only dreams, but does actually work at them—at one in particular. He has spent thousands over it, and will ruin himself yet. Don't you think, Kamilla, that you could persuade him to come down to-morrow evening. Do try. He will let you in."

Mme. Rosara hesitated; but she was longing to go and finally consented.

The next evening, a little before the hour

appointed for the play to begin, she went up, tapped lightly, and receiving permission, entered. How familiar it all looked to her in the long, low room! Awful-looking machines, like instruments of torture, projected here a shaft, there a handle; wheels large and small, bands of greasy leather—in short, here was all the paraphernalia that amateur scientists love to gather around them. While sharing the popular prejudice against inventors and regarding them generally with suspicion as dreamers who wrecked their lives and usually ended in signal failure, she yet had a degree of faith in Edward's experiments, a belief that he would come out of it better than most.

Mr. Ashton was bending over some papers when Kamilla appeared. He started up in undisguised astonishment and gazed at her speechless with surprise, while she, after giving one swift glance around, approached him timidly.

"I came up to ask you to join us. It spoils everybody's pleasure to have you absent. Won't you please come down? We—I—want you very much."

"Thank you, Kamilla," he answered, courteously, as he regained his composure; "I meant to be present, of course, but had no idea it was so late. I will go down with you at once."

"Wait a minute. There is a little time to spare, and my curiosity is so attracted by this small covered object on your table. What can it be?"

"An instrument—a machine of my own invention, which I am busy over now. Are you satisfied?"

"No; let me see it."

"You could not understand it."

"Indeed I should! I am very fond of mathematics and every sort of machinery—they all go together, I suppose?"

"In a way, yes. Well, then, have patience with me while I explain." He tenderly uncovered the affair and proceeded to enlighten her as to its uses and mechanism with a fascinated and catching enthusiasm. She found his description clear and followed it without difficulty, which surprised him so much that he complimented her on her quickness. "I have shown this to several people," he said, "and you are the first who has seemed to catch the idea."

"Wait," she interrupted, "you praise me too soon. I have not heard all nor seen it work."

Then his face fell. "Ah! no, to be sure," he replied, and went on with his explanation; but either she had lost the thread, or he was no longer lucid, for she could not now make any sense of it, and when he paused she could only say: "May I see how it works?"

"The fact is," he answered, slowly, "it does not work—yet."

"Oh!"

They were both silent for a few moments. He was replacing the cover, when she stopped him.

"You believe in this invention?"

"I believe that it would be a benefit to the world and a fortune to myself if I could perfect it. I begin to fear I never shall; but some one will take it up where I have left off and succeed where I have failed."

"Begin once more," she begged; "tell me slowly, and when I do not understand let me ask questions."

After an instant's hesitation he complied, this time in a dispirited way that made her sorry for him and quickened her attention. She bent her mind on it, and, as before, understood up to a certain point and then became confused.

"Do you know where the difficulty is?" she inquired.

"If I knew that," he answered, hopelessly, "I would know how to remedy it. My theory seems to me perfect, and I do not know where to look for the flaw."

Mme. Rosara wondered if it might not be at the part where she found the trouble; and as clearly as she could she suggested this. He looked surprised, then thoughtful, thanked her gravely, and slowly covered the machine.

"I believe you have done me an incalculable service," he began.

"Machinery is the only thing we ever agreed about," she interposed, hastily, "and the only thing on earth you care for, Edward. As they have praying-machines in heathen lands, we might invent a peace-making instrument, something that would scream out: 'Let dogs delight,' whenever we begin to wrangle."

His mournful eyes were fixed on her in a regretful way, and he seemed about to speak; but, changing his mind, he opened the door and lighted her down the narrow stairs.

The next morning, after a highly successful performance of Cinderella, which had been received with the merriest appreciation and applause and its best features duly recorded in wriggling characters on the note-book of the awe-inspiring reporter, while Mr. Bruce was receiving some final compliments on his grievous wig and the others were folding away their cumbersome apparel preparatory to a grand clearing out of the general green-room and its restoration to the uses of private life, Mr. Ashton entered quietly, and said, in a low tone, to Kamilla: "If you can be spared, will you grant me a favor?"

"A dozen," she answered, gayly.

"One at a time, then," he said, smiling. "Come up to my attic to see the machine."

"O Edward! does it work?"

"I don't know yet," he answered, impatiently, "I am waiting for you to tell me."

Much mystified, she followed him. He uncovered the precious object and then took both her hands."

"Permit me, Kamilla; your hands must confirm my hopes."

She was bewildered, but passive. He pressed her right hand against a spring, her left against another; she saw something go round slowly and something else move up and down. She looked up inquiringly.

"Is it all right now? Does it work at last?"

His face was pale, his eyes shone with delight. He still held her hands in his, and drew her close to his side.

"Kamilla, my life-long love," he said, "you told me last night that I cared for nothing but these things here. Listen. I have been working over this for years; it has been my one object in life, my one consolation; yet, if you only bid me do it, I will destroy it now and forever for one word of love from you."

"From me! I thought you had grown to hate me—I mean to dislike me very much since we quarreled and I went away."

"Prove me, then. At your bidding I will destroy the work of years. Yes?" He dropped her hands and lifted the delicate instrument. She saw him raise it high and about to dash it to atoms on the floor.

"No! Edward, no!" she cried, throwing herself against him and catching his arms. "I will believe you without any such terrible test."

Was she too late? She shut her eyes in faint, sick fear, felt his arms close around her, and then came a momentary blank.

"Is it safe?" she whispers, as she slowly opened her eyes, and freed herself from Edward's detaining clasp.

"Yes, yes, quite safe," he answered, pushing it carelessly aside, "never mind about that. Let me finish what I have to say. I know you never cared for me."

She moved uneasily; but he did not notice it.

"Still, if you could try, ah! Kamilla, if you could try."

His face was so eager, yet so downcast and doubtful, that she took courage.

"Well, then, if you like, I will try," she said, demurely.

"Kamilla! is it possible that you have loved me, and I never knew it? Answer me, sweetheart."

"That I will never reveal," she said, laughing confusedly, as he kissed her pretty hand; "but if you insist upon it, I cannot deny that it is true."

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton were having a late and quiet breakfast in the study, after the turmoil and excitement of the previous evening. The old gentleman had just settled himself comfortably with pipe and morning journal when Edward entered with Kamilla.

"Hey!" cried his father in surprise. "More theatricals?"

"After quarreling for years, Kamilla and I have made it up at last," said Edward, approaching with his arm around her. "She has promised to be my wife."

"And now my dearest wish has come to pass!" exclaimed his mother, hurrying forward to receive them with outstretched hands. "May peace be with you, my children."

"Amen," said the old man, solemnly, as he greeted them with equal warmth.

And "Amen," they both echoed softly.

MY WOLVES.

THREE gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
And one is Hunger and one is Sin
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,

Or peers at his prey through the window pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

Far out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him
As the spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger, and Woe,

A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead.
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane
That flit like spectres through my brain;
And I dream of the times long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin and Hunger and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three.
And one is Hunger and one is Sin
And one is Misery;

Three pairs of eyes at the window pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD, in *Boston Globe*.

THE RED CROSS.

By H. S. THOMPSON.

WHAT is the Red Cross? and who is Clara Barton? are questions that have been asked many times. To such, a sketch of one of the most remarkable movements of the last two decades in behalf of humanity cannot be devoid of interest.

In 1859 a Swiss gentleman, traveling in Italy, came into the neighborhood of Solferino at the time of a great battle. Remaining some days as volunteer aid, he was deeply impressed by the needless sufferings of the wounded, both on field and in hospital. Notwithstanding the liberal provisions made by the French army, the benevolent Monsieur Dunant saw that, owing to the vastness of their numbers, the wounded were left for days without attention, and he was led to consider deeply the possibility of mitigating and avoiding much needless suffering.

After his return to Switzerland he published a remarkable book, called the *Souvenir de Solferino*, containing descriptions of what he had seen and many arguments for founding in every country permanent societies for the relief of wounded in war. This book created intense excitement and interest, and was speedily translated into many languages, which resulted in a committee to encourage the philanthropic suggestions contained therein, and led to a grand reunion, to which were invited representatives from all Governments. Delegates from sixteen countries attended this Conference at Geneva, Switzerland, including Great Britain, France, Spain, Prussia, Austria, and Italy, which resulted in the famous International Congress of 1864, lasting two weeks and furnishing a celebrated treaty, signed by twenty-seven Governments.

This is considered an unsurpassed instance of a treaty of nations, brought about by the exertions of one individual in private life.

In what does this Treaty consist?

"In the entire and strict neutrality of all materials and supplies contributed by any nation for the use of sick and wounded in war, also that persons engaged in the distribution of them shall not be subject to capture; that all hospitals shall be neutral, protected and respected by opposing armies; that all surgeons, nurses, chaplains, etc., shall be neutral, continuing their work after the occupation of a field the same as before, and when no longer needed, be allowed to retire; that they may safely send a representative to their own headquarters if needful; that inhabitants of a country who entertain and

care for the wounded of either side in their houses shall be protected and encouraged, and that the generals of an army shall so inform the people; that commanders-in-chief shall have the power to deliver immediately to the outposts of the enemy soldiers who have been wounded in an engagement, both parties consenting to the same; that the wounded incapable of serving shall be returned when healed; that all transports of wounded and all evacuations of posts or towns shall be protected by absolute neutrality; that the sick and wounded shall be entertained regardless of nationality, and that commanders-in-chief shall act in accordance with and in conformity to this Treaty. In order that no mistake be possible, it also provides that one uniform international flag shall mark all hospitals, all posts of sick and wounded men, and one uniform badge or sign shall mark all hospital material and be worn by all persons engaged in hospital service of any nation included within the Treaty; that this flag and sign shall be a red cross on white ground, and that the nations within this compact shall not cease their endeavors until every other nation capable of making war shall have signed this Treaty, and thus acceded to the general principles of humanity in warfare."

This, then, is what the Red Cross means—not a secret society, but the powerful, peaceful sign of the widest, most humane charities the world has ever seen. Relief societies acting under this Treaty have been since formed in thirty-two countries, dispensing their work of mercy under the sign of the red cross, not as members of the Red Cross, but of societies whose sign it is, subject to a central head, through which they have governmental recognition.

These national relief societies also afford aid and succor in time of any widespread calamity, such as plagues, fires or floods, railway disasters, and mining accidents. To Miss Clara Barton is due the credit and honor of inducing the Red Cross into this field of humanitarian work. As these societies hold themselves in readiness both by training and preparation for instant demand, the efficiency of their aid is of great value, compared to irresponsible and impulsive help, hastily gathered in the shock of calamity.

While it is believed that our beloved country will seldom be visited by the horrors of war, yet the misfortunes of other countries appeal to our aid, and our own land in sections is periodically

swept by the scourge of yellow fever, floods, fires, cyclones, insects, and drought. To the victims of such the Red Cross unfurls its banner.

To the peaceful and powerful sign of the Red Cross the Geneva Confederation hope to bring all civilized nations. "Wherever men fight and tear themselves," wherever the glare and roar of war is heard or the moans of any widespread calamity smites the heart and pales the cheek, they aim to plant the white banner that bears the blessed sign of relief.

What has the Red Cross accomplished?

It is interesting to note some of the services performed under this banner. During the first ten years after the Confederation it floated above the din and carnage of five great wars. In times of peace it obtained vast moneys, and prudently conserved them for time of need. The Russian Society placed boxes in churches, convents, railroad depots, steamboats, armories—everywhere that people congregated—for the collection of funds. In Geneva were accumulated in one year ten thousand two hundred and twenty-eight dozen shirts, besides hosiery, bandages, lint, etc., for six thousand wounded. In Prussia supplies remaining after war were gathered into depots to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Especial care is taken to develop the best sanitary material and training; to have surgical instruments, medicines, bandages, stretchers, wagons, and all appliances of the very best. Women, as best fitted for nurses, are in great numbers given the widest possible instruction. From these training-schools they are graduated, ready to leave at a moment's notice for battle-field or hospital. In times of peace these nurses are in demand at sick-beds, and can always find remunerative employment, only holding themselves ready for instant release.

Various countries have held national exhibits of Red Cross material, where competitive skill is taxed to its utmost, and where everything prejudicial to suffering humanity is eliminated. At the Geneva Convention last year a vote was passed that all societies of the Red Cross in every nation familiarize themselves with the antiseptic bandage, and the varied members acquire skill in its application. The Empress of Germany offered a prize of five thousand francs for the best model of a portable field hospital, besides a gold medal bearing her portrait.

A peculiarly interesting feature of this vast gathering, brought together to devise ways and means of relief for the suffering soldier, was an exhibit at night, to illustrate the advantage of electric light on battle-fields to aid in the swift discovery of all wounded or slain. About one-half the great mall at Geneva, known as the

"Plainpolaïs," was partitioned off by portable fencing, and over its surface, upon its grass plats and walks, lay singly and in clusters over a hundred gymnasts, who had volunteered to represent the wounded and slain on a battle-field. A powerful electric light was turned on from a remote corner of the mall. Four companies of firemen who had been trained to do ambulance work and porter service issued from one quarter with lantern in hand, a flask of water, and a warmed can containing preserved refreshment, and went forward searching for the wounded to give them a preliminary measure of relief. These were soon followed by the permanent relief corps, who, from a given point, divided off into sections and marched diagonally across the battle-field, covering its entire extent. Rays of light were so operated that this searching corps could readily see every part of the field. The ambulances and porters now followed, carefully placing the wounded on stretchers or into the ambulances—the dead also—so that with noiseless and swift dispatch the field was cleared of its human weight of woe—the effect being ghastly real, heightened by the electric rays, moans and cries of wounded, the slow, measured walk of the horses, and the suppressed manner in which directions were given by the large corps of physicians and surgeons.

This instance is given to show the indefatigable efforts of the Red Cross Association to spare no pains in time of peace to prepare for the horrors of war.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of the practical workings of the Red Cross in time of need was shown in the Franco-Prussian War. Its work was so thoroughly organized that before one shot had been fired, at the first signal, committees arrived at all needed points as if by magic, forming a chain numbering two thousand persons. The most perfect order and discipline was maintained, and relief sent from one or another of these stations as needed. With the Government transports, agents of the Red Cross were sent, protected by their badges and flag, to wait on the invoices, hasten their progress, protect and properly deliver.

The sums given to assuage the miseries of the Franco-Prussian War through the Red Cross Societies were simply fabulous, proving "the humanity of people far beyond that of Governments." The United States was not backward, but freighted ships with supplies and contributions prodigal and vast, but not yet having come under the Treaty regulations, and no sign of the Red Cross accompanying it, its magnificent charity was misapplied and wasted, and America had the mortification of reading such a report as the following at the close of the war:

"It is said that the United States also contributed something for the sick and wounded, but what, or how much, or to whom, or when or where, it is impossible to tell!" The marvelous story of how the United States came under this Treaty at last, belongs to the sketch of Miss Barton's life.

So munificent were the supplies furnished the Red Cross for this war, that large storehouses were provided for their reception. At the central depot of supply in Berlin, two thousand salaried persons and many volunteers, besides three hundred benevolent ladies, were employed in classifying and parceling the goods. Trains of twenty-six cars were laden daily with two thousand hundred weight of supplies. Yet benevolent forethought did not stop here. It provided and provisioned refreshment hospitals for the trains of wounded soldiers, to which those unable to proceed to the great hospitals could be moved, nursed, and cared for till removed by death or strengthened to go on. At one such station from six to eight hundred were cared for daily. This example shows the extraordinary efforts made to save life and alleviate suffering, also the capacity of such concerted effort. Hospitals on wheels and bureaus of information for soldiers' families were also instituted, and during that year these relief societies had to contend with the scourge of cholera also.

There can be no estimate of the misery assuaged and deaths prevented by the unselfish devotion of the wearers of the red cross. At the siege of Paris, historic pen has undertaken to record the horrors enveloping a city driven to brutality by starvation, but history never can relate what wretchedness was averted and what agonies alleviated by the relief societies. What the state of France must have been without the merciful help of the Red Cross the imagination dare not picture.

After the armistice was signed, there were removed from Paris, under the auspices and protection of this flag, ten thousand men who must otherwise have died in agony for want of care; and there were brought back by them to French soil nine thousand more who had been cared for under the same benign flag in German hospitals.

The leader, the very heart and soul of the American Red Cross, is Miss Clara Barton, a woman whose philanthropic works have extended over two continents during the past twenty-five years, and into almost every field of human misery. Not war hospitals alone have engaged her attention. No history of American prison reform would be complete without the

story of her life and of her administration of the Sherborn Female Reform Prison in Massachusetts, whilst the time stolen from even grander charities has been employed by her in the relief of sufferers by fire and flood. Behold her as she crosses the ocean to nurse the wounded French and Germans on the battlefields of Alsace-Lorraine, and entering Strasbourg and Paris on foot to feed and clothe its starving widows and children. After her return to this country we find her indefatigable and unwearied in her efforts to remove the stain of barbarity from the national name by securing Governmental signature to the humane International Treaty. Follow her in 1881 among the Michigan fires, mitigating the suffering of the victims, and in 1882-3 chartering a boat to superintend the work in the flooded districts of the Ohio and Mississippi, representing by her own fortitude and self-denial the humane Society of the Red Cross. How marvelous this great work inducted and personally controlled by a woman! Thus the great upward tread in the march of time!

To the readers of this magazine a sketch of Miss Barton's life will be a fitting accompaniment of this article, in fact, a history of the Red Cross movement in America is barren and incomplete without it. We rejoice to be able to claim as our countrywoman one whose deeds of philanthropy and love, whose executive ability, rare tact, and skill, have made equally at home with rulers and diplomats or at the bedside of suffering, in lowly cabin or on battlefield.

The subject of this usefulness and honor was born in Oxford, Worcester County, Mass., and passed her childhood and youth in a quiet country home, even then noticeable for her kindness and thoughtfulness to others. With but narrow opportunities and many interruptions, she succeeded in acquiring a thorough English education, and, later, the knowledge and use of modern languages, which were destined to be of invaluable benefit to others. Her familiarity with English literature is observed by all who are privileged to meet this remarkable woman. Environed by circumstances, she was early fortified by a business training, so that she became an expert accountant and familiar with the forms of business transactions. Like many other well-educated New England girls, she taught school for some years, developing a striking faculty for organizing, controlling, and imparting knowledge. At Bordentown, N. J., she initiated the first public school, its successful operation being shown in the fact of numbering six hundred pupils on her roll-call

within a few weeks. Ill health, consequent upon great over-exertions, compelled her to relinquish this avenue of usefulness. Not long after, she was surprised and gratified by receiving an appointment in the Patent Office at Washington. Her work was condensing original papers and preparing records for publication. This was a new departure, as hitherto such work had not been committed to the hands of women; but her execution was so concise and rapid as to command the full satisfaction of the Commissioner. She was, however, removed from office on charge of holding anti-slavery sentiments. For three following years she devoted her time to study in her childhood's home and to practical kindness toward the sick and needy. Did no interior prescience of the destiny awaiting her give bias to these inclinations and habits?

In 1861 she was drawn again to Washington by her deep interest in the opening drama of civil war, and was the first woman in the capital to minister to the wounded brought thither after the deadly fray in Baltimore; the first, also, to supply plentiful and palatable food to the Massachusetts soldiers, many of whom were old friends and pupils. From this time her resolve was taken, and her capable, resolute nature, with its great wealth of tenderness, was devoted to the wounded and dying on field and in hospital. Whatever of enthusiasm her action implied, it was not romance, knowing better than most the difficulties in her path, also the hardship and privation. The *happiness* was to come.

As the hospitals at the capital rapidly filled with the "three months' men, Miss Barton and a few other noble women toiled among these ill-ordered infirmaries with little to aid or cheer. At midsummer's heats the hospitals were crowded with the wounded and dying from the Bull Run defeat. While thus employed, and working independently of the various State and National organizations, the determination was formed to go alone into field and camp hospitals on her errand of mercy. Others went out as employees of the Sanitary Commission, and thus held a guarantee of protection; could *she*, with her dignity and kindness, be in a like manner respected if she went forth in independent fashion, as Una to meet the lion? She believed that she could, and accordingly started with a car-load of supplies to meet the wounded from the battle of Cedar Mountain.

After a few days of incessant activity, she returned for fresh supplies to meet the tide of battle surging up from Manassas, Centreville, and Chantilly. The Chief Quartermaster had

such confidence in her judgment and wisdom that she could always obtain what she wanted, though often her selections differed widely from the surgeons'. Her thoughtfulness and good sense often shone in full lustre when her selections brought not only joy and comfort to the sufferers, but won approving smiles and words from officers.

She used to carry quantities of soft bread, which, moistened in wine, proved a powerful restorative, and made barrels of gruel and broths to aid the surgeons, and plentiful supplies of bandages. After the battle of Antietam, Miss Barton received the wounded in a deserted farm-house and adjoining barns under constant fire. As night fell, the surgeons had but a piece of candle to dispel the darkness of the fearful scene. Hundreds of wounded strewn the floors, and many would perish before the morning. Seeing the dilemma, joyfully Miss Barton brought from her wagons unlimited supplies of candles and lanterns, which her provident thought had felt sure would be needed. Thus the dying were not left to die in the darkness.

Miss Barton's personal courage was often put to severe test where field-hospitals were under fire. The surgeons, sometimes panic-stricken, would urge her to fly with them. This she utterly refused to do till the wounded were removed out of the enemies' reach, which, by her firmness and management, was accomplished.

But such scenes as these, long-continued, were breaking what she termed an "iron constitution," so that she entered her ambulance very ill, reaching Washington with great difficulty. When recovered, she returned by a train of six heavily laden wagons, directing her course to the Army of the Potomac. By her dignity and firmness, she subdued a mutiny among her teamsters and gained a permanent attachment to her service. Joining the Ninth Army Corps, she became at once superintendent of its hospital, supplying, at different points, the enemy's hospitals from her own stores where the wounded had been left to the tender mercies of our troops.

In Fredericksburg, a dying Confederate soldier told her that the streets and hospitals were surrounded by the enemy's cannon, and the order of "fire" was liable to be given at any moment; but she refused to leave her post until the wounded had been secretly removed and the furniture and valuables of the different dwellings used by the hospitals deposited safely, where they could be reclaimed by the owners. Such were her views of plunder in war, from which she never swerved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

BY ISADORE ROGERS,

Author of "*Lester's Wife*."

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

OUR party hunted for one more day, but game was scarce on their side of the stream, and the frequent glimpses of it upon the opposite shore convinced the hunters that it had mostly taken refuge there, and only added to their anger and indignation.

They succeeded, however, in getting three deer and several turkeys during the day and a half that they remained there.

"We'll start homeward a little before daylight to-morrow morning," said Willis, "and we can reach the ranch where we stopped on our way here in time for a late breakfast."

This arrangement was agreed upon, and at least a portion of the party retired to rest, rolled up in their blankets in their wagon-boxes.

About two o'clock in the morning two men might have been seen to silently cross the river, and from thence to follow a well-worn trail leading through the timber, until they came to a tract of level prairie, a meadow-like plain several miles in extent, with a wide belt of timber upon each side.

It was covered with a luxuriant growth of buffalo-grass, the finest pasturage—upon which cattle and game fatten more readily than upon any other—in all the Western grazing-lands. It does not grow rank and tall, like the upland grasses, but fine and clustering, covering the ground like a soft-plush carpeting, in which the noiseless footfalls sink imbedded.

The herds had been pastured farther south during the summer, holding this natural meadow-land in reserve for winter grazing. Long ricks of hay stood near the timber, but never dreaming of danger, when such precautionary measures had been taken to keep all foreign elements at a distance, there were no fireguards around it.

"Order Uncle Sam's boys out of their father's own pasture, will you?" muttered an indignant voice, as a match flickered above the brown grass for a moment, then a widening circle of light spread out, expanding rapidly in a brilliant sheet of flame.

Brighter and brighter grew the light, more and more brilliant grew the flames, as the breeze caught up the glowing sparks and carried them skyward—sent them shining against the vast blue dome like millions of gleaming stars indulging in chaotic revelry.

Borne by the rapidly increasing breeze, the flames reached the stacks and went climbing up and over the long ricks, which in a moment's time resembled hills of fire, the lurid light leaping high in the air, illuminating earth and sky with the brilliant glare and signaling to the distant watchers upon the hillside that the work was begun.

CHAPTER XV.

"I'm hungry as a bear," said Willis, as they stopped at the ranch after their fifteen-mile drive before breakfast.

"So am I," said Nant, "and here's the very place to get something good to eat."

"And I'm bound to fare as well as Nant this time," said Clarence, "since he's taught me how. I feel as if I could eat a whole batch of warm biscuits, and I mean to get them, too," and he went into the house, made a most gallant bow to Aunt Rosa, shook hands with the girls, and Nant said he kissed the cook.

But old Aunt Rosa was evidently one of those birds that cannot be caught with chaff; for she placed her hands upon her ample sides and stood regarding him for a moment with austere and unrelenting dignity, and then said:

"Young man, yer perliteness comes too late. Yer has seen dat it pays, and yer's right. It has put honey on de cakes an' butter on de bread an' cream in de coffee ob many a man, but dey didn't put it on all to wonst. Dat ar aint nat'ral to yer. Yer is too much like de offis-seeker, what goes roun' an' shakes han's wid all de pore trash dat he nebber means ter speak to agin' till jess befo' de nex' lection. Yer can jess get out ob dis yer kitchen now, and recomember dat if yer wants ter git any benefit out o' yer perliteness, yer mus' wear it jess as common as yer does yer ebbery-day clothes."

It was Nant's turn to laugh when he was directed to a seat at one end of the long table, where stood a plate of nice cream biscuit, fresh butter, and maple molasses made from trees upon the ranch, coffee, with genuine cream, perfectly boiled venison, and fried chicken, while the rest of the party were seated at the opposite end of the table with much plainer fare, but they were enjoying the hospitality of the ranchmen, and even they dared not offend the queen of the kitchen, for notwithstanding the

arbitrary manner of her rule such an excellent cook was a luxury very hard to secure. They did not stop for dinner that day, but camped upon the bank of a stream a little before night-fall, thirty miles from any human habitation; a tired and hungry party they were, but after the horses were picketed for the night they took their guns and strolled along the stream for the purpose of shooting wild ducks that frequent such places at this season of the year, leaving an old pilot who was returning by the same route to prepare the supper. When they returned, their tramp, added to the long day's drive, had given them appetites sufficient to devour anything eatable that came in their way. The first article to which Clarence helped himself was fried crackers, and hungry as he was, it seemed like the greatest delicacy of which he had ever partaken, and, to the delight of the old pilot, he asked for the method of preparation that he might teach his wife the mode and enjoy it after his arrival at home.

And his wife was one of those neat and tidy little bodies who make home the cheeriest place on earth to a tired and appreciative husband, and he reflected, if this delicacy was so excellently prepared by this blundering man, what would it be made by her skillful hands?

After two days more they reached Harper, where Clarence resided, and Nant's young and amiable wife had been staying during their absence, and during the next few days they entertained their credulous and admiring wives with accounts of their wonderful adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and daring bravery, while Willis pursued his way to his home further west.

A few mornings after his return Clarence concluded to astonish his wife with the new delicacy for the table which he had learned to prepare.

"I never tasted anything so good in all my life, and I can't be satisfied, Laura, until you have enjoyed it, too," he said; "so, if you have the ingredients on hand I'll make some for breakfast, and we'll have it every morning after you learn how."

And while she was down cellar skimming milk he began the preparation. He took a dozen crackers, broke them up fine, moistened them with milk, and then stopped to reflect. "The old pilot said put in a little salt, but I don't know just how much a little is; I guess it's about a tablespoonful, or perhaps two. And a little Cayenne pepper; that's stronger; I guess a heaping teaspoonful will be about right." Having decided upon these ingredients, he took two eggs, beat them up, and stirred them thoroughly through the moistened mass. Then,

aking a teacupful of lard, he put it into a frying-pan, and when hot placed a spoonful in a place and fried it until nicely browned, and with a very pardonable degree of pride he placed them upon the table.

They sat down to breakfast and he helped her to one of the cakes with an air of complacent satisfaction.

She took a taste, and he waited to hear her express her praises of his culinary skill.

"Clarence Eugene!" she shrieked, with tears filling her eyes, for she had taken a generous taste. "There's another of your tormented jokes; you cruel, hard-hearted man, to go off and stay a whole week, and then come home and stick salt and Cayenne pepper together with crackers and eggs, and give it to me to eat! Try it yourself and see how you like it."

He took a generous mouthful, with the intention of eating the entire plateful, and calling it good at all hazards, but tears filled his own eyes in spite of his heroic efforts, and he seized his cup of coffee and attempted to conceal his confusion by drinking, but it only made the matter worse, and he gasped for breath, until, had it not been for her anger, she would have dashed cold water in his face to bring him to, but she only said, "Well, how do you like it? let me help you to another cake, my dear; don't deny yourself upon my account, eat as much as you want, if it takes it all; I can be very well content with toast and coffee, even if I get only a small share of your wonderful delicacy. It's a Mexican dish, I suppose, half salt and half Cayenne pepper; but most excellent, according to your veracious statement."

"I—I—guess I made some mistake, my dear," he said, wiping the tears from his eyes, "but just look out and if you can see a tramp, invite him in to breakfast."

It is useless to state that this wonderful delicacy was not found upon their ordinary bill of fare thereafter.

Meanwhile, Willis had reached his home, with a deer, three wild turkeys, and an enormous catfish as his share of the chase.

"O Willis!" exclaimed his wife, "I have such good news to tell you. In the midst of all our home happiness, I have so often longed to look upon my mother's face once more, and now father and mother and brother John are coming to see us. Oh! how proud and happy I shall be to have them see my children, my husband, and my home."

"You are justly proud of your children, and we, who know them best, ought surely to be able to judge them best, and it is our unanimous decision that their grandparents have never beheld their equals. But without any jesting,

Belle, we certainly have a right to be proud of the home which our own labor has carved out of the wilderness."

"Yes," she replied, "their coming will dispel the last cloud from our horizon, and Isis's wedding shall be the crowning event of that happy time—if Mr. Smith is ready," she added, with a laughing glance at the blushing girl; and Mr. Smith was ready.

CONCLUSION.

THE beautiful Cimaron Valley lay slumbering in quiet restfulness, so far beyond the sight and sound of city noise and clamor that never an engine's whistle had "startled the wild beasts from their lairs," or sound of school or Sabbath bell proclaimed that Nature's midnight hush or morning carol were supplanted by progression's ceaseless march.

The night was clear and cool, without a cloud to dim the starry heavens or sound to mar the quiet scene, except the coyote's distant howl, wandering restlessly within the forest or prowling forth in search of food.

The cattle were reposing peacefully upon the sheltered plain or lying tranquilly content within the shadow of the cedar-trees, while cowboys slept in fragile cabins unmindful of the coyote's howl or panther's shriek, strangers to care and wakefulness, with only physical weariness to restore by sound, refreshing slumber.

But hark! There was a sound like the rumbling of an earthquake, momentarily growing louder and louder, every instant increasing in strength and power, until the ground trembled as if shaken by some internal throes that threatened the safety of the great structure itself. There was no mistaking the sound. Men that may sleep unmoved by lightning's glare or thunder's crash, bring every nerve and thought to quick, decisive action when they hear that sound.

Every cowboy sprang from his bed and dressed with all possible haste, exclaiming:

"A stampede! a stampede!"

It was true. Thousands of cattle came galloping over the plain in maddened fear and haste, as the smoke and flames came rolling up from the plain, lighting the scene for miles around and reddening the sky with lurid, wrathful glare, as sparks shot heavenward, as if trying to escape from the fiery heat. Every cowboy mounted his pony with all his power of speed, knowing that his only possible hope consisted in getting out of the way.

On came the living mass, crowding, bellowing, crushing, the weaker pressed down and trampled to death by the stronger, as the surging

sea of life came thundering over the ground, bearing down and trampling under everything that came in the way.

Ten miles to the southward lay another stream, and the fire would sweep everything before it until checked by the waters, and toward this all this living mass was rushing.

Every pony, urged by his own terror, as well as the voice and goad of his master, put forth every effort, strained every nerve, to get out of the way of the irresistible power that pressed toward them. Cowboys' shanties were crushed like egg-shells before the frantic crowd, and on after them, borne upon the wings of the breeze, sweeping across stretches of level ground, climbing over gentle hillocks, blackening all the space behind, and casting its glare for miles before, came the fire.

Men of the East, who have left your herds in fancied security within these vales, if you would know how this grand and fertile grazing-ground came to be laid in waste and your herds to suffer from unnecessary want and exposure, I have given you the secret.

Morning dawned bright and beautiful, casting its glowing radiance over the scene that only a few short hours before lay in its wild and peaceful beauty, but now transformed to a burned and blackened waste, reaching from stream to stream, with all the intervening vale changed from a luxuriant grazing-land to a dark and barren waste, with here and there the crushed and lifeless body of some luckless animal that had been trodden down by the frantic herd.

The flames paused only when they reached the water's edge; the cattle, after they felt the cool waters upon their panting sides and reached the farther shore, from whence they scattered out and paused to rest, and the cowboys when they reached the heavy growth of timber, where they could turn their horses loose and climb the trees until the herd had come to rest.

Most of the range further south was occupied by other herds, and the suffering of the cattle from the destruction of both hay and grass before even the beginning of winter incurred still further loss.

There was nothing to be done, however, but to collect the scattered herds and seek another place to winter, but locations like this one which they had been compelled to vacate were not to be found unoccupied at this season of the year, and vowing vengeance if ever opportunity occurred, the cowboys began their work.

How much of destruction and devastation can be caused by even a slight discord among the "Lords of Creation!"

"They are coming! they are coming!" was

the joyful shout of the children, who for hours had been watching for the wagon to come in sight around the hill on the way from the station, whither Willis had gone to meet Belle's parents and brother John.

Yes, surely coming, these dear friends for whom her heart had ached so often in those earlier days of privation and loneliness, and for whose dear faces she had never ceased to long since the hour that she bade them adieu.

And she had a pleasant and comfortable home in which to receive and entertain them. And in everything excepting buildings, their farm was fully equal to the old homestead. Fruits from their own orchard, fowls from their own flock, and fish from their own lakelet supplied their table, and with the proud and happy thought that her children, her husband, and her home were second to none, she waited to welcome her parents.

Slowly around the hill and across the intervening prairie came the sturdy mules with the ample wagon, every moment bringing the loved faces nearer to the expectant group awaiting them.

And a beautiful picture they formed, Belle and Isis, with the two little ones, standing at the gate, with the glad light of love and welcome beaming from every feature as the ponderous wagon, with its precious freight, drew up beside them.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting, nor the joy and satisfaction of the parents at finding so much of happiness and content in the far-away home of their daughter, whom it seemed as if they had crossed the continent to find.

How restful seemed the pleasant rooms, which, although devoid of luxury, were not at all lacking in comfort, and the ample repast seemed so appetizing and refreshing after the long ride across the prairie.

"Keep your heart whole, John," said Belle, as she saw his glance following the motions of her beautiful foster-daughter as she moved about with her own peculiar grace, performing most of the labors of the household that Belle might have the more time to devote to her guests. "You are too late, and as soon as you are sufficiently rested to enjoy our Western festivities, we will celebrate her union with one whom I believe to be in every way worthy of her."

"Why didn't you keep her for me, sis? She rivals all the Eastern beauties that I ever beheld by her natural grace and her entire freedom from affectation," he said.

"I confess that I did have such a thought, but she has chosen for herself, and worthily,

too, I believe, but you can have the privilege of participating in the festivities, and to me your presence will be the crowning happiness of that joyous occasion," she replied.

"Well, since there is no other course left me, I will try to be content with witnessing their mutual happiness," he replied, jestingly.

It seemed to Belle that the days that passed in visiting with these dearest friends were the happiest of her whole life, and certain it was that they were mutually enjoyed.

"Belle," said Willis, a few days previous to that appointed for the wedding, "Ned is at the gate and desires to speak with you."

Belle went out with him, and there, mounted upon the same English courser that had played so important a part on that never-to-be-forgotten day, was Daring Ned, of the Carlisle Ranch.

"Well, Mrs. Blake," he said, with some hesitation and embarrassment in his manner, while Belle was patting and caressing the animal, "I've a little favor to ask of you—in fact it's a mighty big favor."

"Name it, Ned, and if it is in my power to serve you, rest assured it shall be done."

"Well," he answered, slowly, "it's a purty long story, and I shall have to tell it all, or you won't know whether to help me or not. There's a family livin' about five miles west o' here, with a family o' three or four girls and about the same number o' boys, and I've been in the habit o' stoppin' there for my dinner, when I've been out on business for the ranch. The young folks are a jolly, lively kind of a set, always laughin' and carryin' on, but the last few times that I've been there I could see a change in the oldest girl. She didn't laugh any to speak of, and had a kind of a troubled look that I don't like to see any young person wear, and once or twice she looked as if she'd been cryin'. I studied over it a good deal, for there's nothin' goes agin' me like seein' women folks in trouble, but I didn't have any particular business to inquire; but one day last week I was ridin' across the prairie, and when I come round a sudden turn in the trail, what did I see but that girl, standin' on the edge of a high bluff overhangin' the river, and right below was a pool where the water's more'n ten feet deep.

"What in the name o' creation is she standin' there for?" says I to myself, and I just got off my horse and left him, while I went quietly round to see what she was up to. There's a big bunch o' plum bushes growin' near by, and I went round them and came close to the spot without bein' seen.

"There was a strange, half wild look in her eyes, and her face was white as death. She stood for a few moments lookin' round over the

prairie as if for the last time, then untied her sunbonnet and laid it on the grass, and then started toward the edge o' the bluff.

"*Clarinda Bateman*," says I, steppin' between her and the water, 'what in Heaven's name are you going to do?'

"She gave a little scream, and then began to cry.

"I waited awhile, and then says I, '*Clarinda*, I want to know what the trouble is.' She wouldn't tell for a long time, but finally said if I'd promise not to let her folks find it out she'd tell me. I promised, and says she, 'I'm goin' to be married next Tuesday.'

"Well," says I, 'I don't see anything so very awful about that; who to?'

"Mr. Ole Nelson," says she.

"What?" says I. "That old dried herring with a bald head and yellow face, with as many wrinkles on it as there are ridges on a wash-board, and blue trousers and striped shirt, and no stockings worth mentioning, and shoes down at the heel, although he owns a good ranch, and is rich enough to buy a half a county and be decent?"

"That's his pictur," says she.

"Well," says I, 'I don't blame you for wantin' to jump into the water, and if I knowed that you would marry him I'd let you go; but you haint got to if you don't want to.'

"How can I help myself?" says she; 'they've got the license and set the day, and father says such chances don't come only once in a lifetime, and that I aint a-goin' to fool it away; I don't see but one way to get out of it; and she looked toward the water and begun to cry again.

"The old sarpint may be rich enough to buy a regiment o' mules," says I, 'but he can't buy one solitary girl in this part of Uncle Sam's territory. Stop cryin' now; you aint a-goin' to marry that old yaller shell if you don't want to, and I'll try an' think o' some way to help you out. Is there anybody else that you'd rather have?'

"I don't know of any one that I *wouldn't* rather have," says she.

"But I mean, aint there some young fellow that you have some kind of an understandin' with?" says I.

"No," says she, 'but I wish there was, for I'd rather run away than drown myself any time.'

"Not one that you can think of?"

"None that I care anything for," she said.

"Now, *Clarinda*," says I, 'I'm goin' to help ye anyhow, no matter what you tell me, but I want you to be strictly honest and tell nothin' but the truth.'

"I will," says she.

"Well, then, have you ever seen any fellow that you would rather have than me?"

"She looked at me in a wonderin', surprised kind of a way and blushed like a June rosebud.

"The truth now, and nothin' but the truth," says I.

"No, Ned," she said, slowly, 'not one that I would as *lief* have as you.'

"*Clarinda*," says I, 'I wouldn't marry you for all the money the old Norwegian's got, with his ranch and cattle throwed in, if there was a man in the United States that you'd rather have, but if you are really willin', so am I.'

"I am, Ned," she answered, 'and maybe it was havin' a likin' for you that made me hate the old miser worse than I would, but father says that his stinginess is no objection, for the more he saves now the more he'll leave by and by; but I wouldn't live with him a year for half the United States if I could help it.'

"We will help it," says I; 'how old are you?'

"Eighteen next Wednesday."

"And they're goin' to try to have you married Tuesday. Don't you s'pose you could git 'em to wait a week?"

"I don't know; father's awfully set in his way."

"Tell 'em if they'll wait you won't make any more fuss about it, and before that time we'll try and have matters fixed so there won't be any need of a fuss," says I, 'and maybe you can coax your mother up to put off the evil day, and I'll lay my plans accordingly, and before the week's out I'll have a right to protect ye agin a regiment of old Bluebeards, and I can do it.'

"I know it, Ned, and I sha'n't feel a bit afraid since you are goin' to help me," she said, and she went away looking as cheerful as a bird. And now, Mrs. Blake, what I want to ask of you is to let me bring her here and have the ceremony at the same time with Isis and Mr. Smith, and if you could just help her a little about her dress; you see the girl haint had much chance in the world, and I thought maybe it might be a help to her to come and see how your house looks and how you and Isis dress, for I mean to give her all the chance I can to be somebody. I'll go down to the station and buy her a dress and all the ribbons and other fixings that you think she ought to have."

"Certainly, Ned," said Mrs. Blake, "I will do all in my power to aid you, although ordinarily I am very much opposed to elopements; but the circumstances seem to justify the measure in this case. I will make out a list of necessary articles, which you can procure and leave here, and if your lady will come over I will help to make her dress."

"Thank ye, Mrs. Blake, I knowed you would," said Ned, appreciatively. "You're the best-

hearted woman in all Kansas, and a genuine lady to boot. Instead o' trampin' on them that you know are beneath you, you extend a helpin' hand and would bring 'em all up to your own level if you could. It's what you've done for Isis, and it shows what you'd do for the whole world, if you only could. That's my idea of a *real, genuine lady*."

Ned departed upon his errand, and two days later the girl came.

She was a shy, modest, and pretty creature, bashful, but not awkward, and Belle decided that if she could only have the advantages of education and be surrounded with refining influences, she would grace almost any position; but the absence of such advantages is the greatest privation of border-life.

A beautiful dress, ready made, had been ordered for Isis, and with that for a copy and Belle's own skill in dressmaking, the work for the rustic bride was satisfactorily accomplished; and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, she took her departure.

The promise not to make any more ado had gained the week's reprieve, and the unwonted zeal with which she entered upon the preparation of her wardrobe, added to her increased cheerfulness, made her parents unusually indulgent; and, believing that the change was to be attributed to witnessing Isis's preparations, they willingly gave her permission to go again upon the following Thursday.

After a restless night, with the few hours of slumber, marred by dreams of her aged lover, who seemed to be trying to drag her to some dismal dungeon, from which only Ned's appearance at the last moment rescued her, she rose as soon as she dared, for fear of manifesting a suspicious eagerness, and, performing her morning work with nervous haste, she waited until her father and brothers had gone to the field before making any active preparations for her departure, although she was in a state of constant apprehension lest the old Norwegian should conclude to visit her that day and arrive before she could get away, which would be considered sufficient reason why she should remain at home. She succeeded in being upon her way before any such calamity happened, however, and was the first to arrive.

Mrs. Blake assisted both brides in making their toilets, and when Clarinda was arrayed in her snowy muslin, with a cluster of wildflowers in her hair and such simple and becoming arrangement of knots of ribbon and clusters of flowers as Belle's faultless taste dictated, she looked scarcely less lovely than Isis herself; and with a heart beating between fear lest she should be followed and detected, and impatience

for the coming of her affianced, whose presence she firmly believed would shield her against every earthly danger, she watched and waited. At length a horseman was seen coming at full gallop over the same road which she had come.

The girl became almost as white as the folds of her dress as she watched the approaching horseman with an interest and anxiety second only to the emotions which Belle had experienced upon a former occasion.

"There comes four more!" she gasped, grasping Belle's arm, while every vestige of color receded from her face.

"There's no mistaking the foremost rider, my child; I would know that far-reaching gallop of the English race-horse as far as my vision could outline him; but you are too nervous and excited to recognize any one. It is Ned, and the others are Messrs. Haney, Good, and Smith, and the minister," said Belle, assuringly; and she was correct.

No wonder that the bride-elect did not recognize Ned, for she had seen him only in ranchman's dress, with wide, slouched hat and revolver belt and two six-shooters, but when he dismounted and came walking up the path with the other gentlemen, she mentally decided that he was the finest-looking man among them, the minister not excepted, and the look of grateful pride, tenderness, and astonishment with which she greeted him left no doubt of the sincerity of her attachment.

"I declare to goodness, Clarinda, if my gal aint purtier than Smith's, after all; but I don't s'pose he's got sense enough to know it," he whispered.

"I wouldn't change places with her for the world. I didn't know you were so good-looking, Ned," she answered, blushing rosily.

"I don't gamble on my good looks," he replied, 'but if I don't make you a good husband I'll go back and deliver myself up to the mercy of the old sarpint that I've stolen you from.'

Everything was in readiness at last, and the two couples were united in that sacred and solemn contract which can be severed only by the angel of death or the demon of dishonor.

A few moments after the ceremony, Clarinda's vanquished suitor rode up to the gate. Willis went out and the old fellow inquired for her. Willis invited him to dismount and come in, which he did, and was ushered into the room where the wedding-guests were assembled, with an explanation of the errand upon which he came.

"Here she is, Mr. Oleson. Jest talk to my wife, if you want to; I sha'n't be a bit jealous," said Ned, leading the youthful bride toward him.

The old man stood for a moment with staring eyes and open mouth, fairly gasping for breath, as his astonished gaze fell upon the bridal party and the full significance of the scene flashed upon his mind. He had come to escort her home, expecting her to accompany him without excuse or protest.

"Mighty fine looking bride she makes, don't she, old fellow? purtier than you thought she was, aint she?" said Ned, with a smile of broad humor. "Why don't you congratulate me and say that you hope I'll live forever and be happy twice as long?"

The old gentleman recovered his powers of speech at last, and broke forth in an angry torrent of Norwegian invectives which none present understood, accompanied by the most violent gestures and expressions of malignity and rage.

"That's right, old fellow, thank ye; wish you the same," said Ned, with a good-natured smile when at length the disappointed suitor paused for breath and turned to take his leave.

He rode rapidly back to the residence of Clarinda's parents, and in the same violent and demonstrative manner told the news to them.

Her father was scarcely less enraged than the aged lover himself.

"The intolerable little idiot!" he exclaimed.

"Fifty thousand dollars thrown away for a wild and reckless cowboy! Short-sighted fool that I was, ever to let her go out of my sight till she was fairly bound by law. Well, I tried to secure her wealth and ease, but now, if she ever comes to want through her willfulness and disobedience, she can go elsewhere for shelter."

This was reported to Ned, and he said:

"Clarinda, if ever I give you cause to wish the old, yellow-faced mummy was in my place, I'll blow my worthless head off and give him another chance."

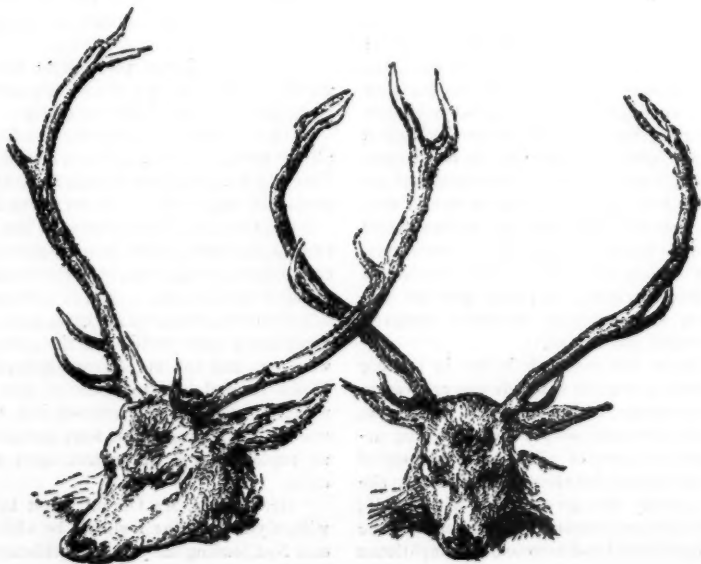
"Don't, Ned," she answered; "if it was fifty million instead of fifty thousand, I'd rather have you without a dime."

"But I aint without a dime, Clarinda. I've enough laid up to buy us a comfortable home, and it sha'n't be my fault if it aint a happy one," he replied.

"Nor mine, either," she answered, with a smile of content and satisfaction.

And now, having seen our friends safely through all hardships and privations, which every pioneer is compelled to endure, and comfortably and happily settled in the home which their own perseverance and industry has secured to them, and those in whom they are most particularly interested also happily settled, we bid you good-bye.

THE END.



MADemoiselle PETITE.

By MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

WITH an impatient shriek, the incoming train "slowed down" alongside the weather-beaten platform in front of the East Barton station—only for a moment, for the iron horse grows restive on the winding New England roads, where towns and villages are dotted so thickly that he can progress only by short, irregular leaps between the peremptory compulsions of brake and throttle—yet long enough to deposit a single passenger with his somewhat heterogeneous belongings.

The new-comer looked half quizzically after the already fast-receding train, then shaking himself together with the air of one who has been harmlessly thrown rather than decorously dismounted, he turned to question some one of the group of loungers about the door of the station as to the whereabouts of a hotel.

The village mail-carrier, disposing in his hand-cart the leathern bag which he had dexterously caught, flung to him from the open door of the mail-car, offered to show the way.

"But my baggage?" queried the stranger, with a hesitant, backward glance.

"Oh! that will be all right! They'll send down for it!" was the answer, in a tone whose cheerful confidence was so contagious that the traveler set off without further delay, alongside the trundling vehicle of his guide.

The carrier eyed his companion with covert curiosity—a tall, handsome man of perhaps thirty years of age, whose sinewy figure and light, swinging step, betokened much familiarity with the open air.

"Goin' to stay in the place long, Mr. — what might I call your name?" he asked.

"My name is Craig—Malcolm Craig, at your service—and the length of my stay will depend upon several contingencies—such as the character of your hotel, for instance!" was the smiling answer.

"Business or pleasure?" proceeded the laconic catechist.

"I have usually the good luck to combine both."

"I thought from the looks of your traps that you might be one of those artist fellows that sometimes happen hereabouts."

"You are good at guessing, my friend. That is just what I am—'one of those artist fellows'—and I am not over-particular about my boarding-place. Only I do want a good, clean bed, and wholesome food."

"Well!" rejoined the countryman, chewing the end of a small pine stick, reflectively—"I'm not sayin' that Job here don't keep a fair house, for he does—fair. But I've noticed that men of your sort like to get a little farther back—up among the hills yonder—and I'm knowin' to a place where they're glad to take in a summer boarder or two, year and year about. And if a clean bed and good, plain cookin' 'll fill your bill, then you might go farther and fare worse. Mebbe you don't like children, though? There's a regular nest of them up there."

"But I do like them, immensely. This must be the very place for me. Who are the people that inhabit this hillside Paradise?"

The carrier flushed a little.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, it's my own sister's house that I'm tellin' you of. My sister, Mary Jane, she married a Haviland—a proper, well-meanin' man he was, too, but he hadn't no constitution and no faculty. And Mary Jane's had a time of it to make ends meet. About two years ago he died, and left her with eighty acres of stony land and six children. But Mary Jane's got faculty—if I do say it as shouldn't—and she aint one o' the whining kind, and I tell you the way that woman managed with her cows and her sheep and her chickens is just remarkable! And a boarder or two in the summer helps her out some. The house aint much, but it's in a mighty sightly place, and some o' the city folks that have been up there have about gone crazy over the views. I aint much of a judge of views myself, but I've noticed that when things get sort o' discouragin' and contrariwise, if I just ride up that five mile and a half and climb on the rocks back o' Mary Jane's and look off, everything seems to straighten out wonderfully. But here we are, sir. That's the landlord standin' in the door. I'll see you to-morrow, sir?"

"Yes, come in to-morrow morning. I fancy I should like your sister's house. At all events, I'll go up and see."

Seated beside his voluble acquaintance, the carrier, in a democrat wagon, drawn by a meditative white horse of uncertain age, Craig wound along the picturesque hillside road next day. Despite the attention demanded by his companion, his trained eye found time to range with keen delight over the landscape beauties, which varied at every turn.

Sometimes for several rods they were arched

over by interlacing branches so closely that scarcely a ray of sunshine could penetrate the mass of tangled green, when suddenly, through some unexpected opening, would burst a wonderful stretch of hills, valley, and river, with the fair, purple outlines of the great mountain-range beyond. The "peace of the heights" seemed brooding in the air.

A small, old-fashioned house appeared in sight at last, its weather-beaten red paint making a rich bit of color against the dark background of spruce and pine.

"Here we are!" cried the driver, snapping the reins cheerily upon the back of his Rosinante and whirling up to the half-open gateway with a sudden flourish.

A bright-faced, motherly looking woman came down the path to meet her visitors, while two rosy boys in frocks, each a perfect copy of the other, clung to her skirts, retarding her steps as she walked.

"Mornin', Mary Jane. I reckon you wasn't lookin' for me to-day, and with company, too. Mr. Craig, my sister, Mrs. Haviland. Mr. Craig's on the lookout for a boarding-place—wants to be taken in and done for, you know"—with a laugh of gusty enjoyment—"so I just fetched him up to you. Here, Sam and Lem, you rogues"—addressing the twins—"do you calculate ever to grow up to be men a-stickin' to your ma like that? I might have something in my pocket, but you'd never find it out a-pickin' round like two 'fraid kittens"

The boys, thus encouraged, made a swift sortie upon their genial relative, and during the momentary diversion Craig had time for a rapid scrutiny of the countenance of his possible hostess, and concluded that "faculty," that sometimes doubtful feminine qualification, was in her case not incompatible with sweet temper and general motherliness of demeanor.

"You'd best show the gentleman that southeast chamber that Mr. Rolfe had last summer, Mary Jane. He's in the same kind o' business, so he'll be particular about the light and all that."

Mrs. Haviland led the way up-stairs to a room which charmed Craig by its immaculate neatness. As she drew the shutters, a fresh breeze struck his face, with balsamy perfume, and a rush of sunlight filled the chamber. Through the open window his eyes ranged unobstructed over the grand panorama, of which the winding road had permitted only tantalizing glimpses.

"It isn't much of a room," began its mistress, a little deprecatingly, "but—"

"It's a lovely room!" interrupted Craig, with enthusiasm. "I could not have suited myself

better. You will let me stay, I am sure, and I will try not to be troublesome?" he said, with the tone and smile which had gotten him his will ever since he was a boy in kilts.

An arrangement, mutually satisfactory, was easily concluded, and the guest's various parcels were speedily transferred from the wagon outside to their new quarters.

Before the day was over the plain, square chamber had been transformed to a charming studio, its walls decorated with sketches in charcoal and color and hung with bright drapery. Even brushes and paints and similar prosaic implements of art had been so carefully arranged that a trained eye would instantly have recognized the rhythm of their order and their suggestions of possible achievement.

Only untrained eyes, however, had glanced at intervals through the open doorway. One particular pair of brown ones, shining with bewitching shyness between masses of fluffy yellow curls, had so charmed the artist, that he paused in his work to entice their owner inside, a winsome little maiden of some six or seven summers. Once within the door, the child had grown rapidly fearless, developing a capacity for good-comradeship, of which he decided to avail himself as time permitted.

He had dined alone at noon, but was given a place at the family table for the early tea. The children were orderly and well-behaved, with merry, rosy faces, which might have been brought bodily, he thought, from one of Kate Greenaway's pages to surround the rustic board.

The meal over, he set out for a solitary ramble. So many charming spots enticed delay, that the late darkness fell and the moon rose before he found himself again at the farmhouse. All was still as he walked up the doorway path, bordered, after the old fashion, with beds of sweet-smelling flowers. So spicy was the perfume that the pretty German fancy came to his mind.

"The dreams of the flowers must be over-sweet to-night," he said aloud, with his foot upon the porch. There was a movement on the low settle which extended alongside the wall, and in the shadowed moonlight he saw a little figure rising as if to take flight. Recognizing, he thought, his small acquaintance of the morning, he intercepted the motion with a playful hand.

"Don't run away, my dear; talk with me for a little while," he said, sitting down beside her and attempting to draw her to his knee.

The little personage resisted with a strange, compelling dignity.

"I am not a child, sir," said a voice low and musical, but whose deep, vibrant quality so

startled him that he rose involuntarily, gazing down at the speaker.

"Not a child?" he repeated.

"I am eighteen, sir. I am Violet, the oldest. You are Mr. Craig, I suppose. You did not see me, for I have been in the woods all day."

"I beg your pardon—I did not know—" stammered Craig. In his perplexity he could scarcely order his own speech.

"I know—I understand," answered the girl. "You thought I was Celia—my little sister. It was no wonder, for she is as tall as I."

Craig was endowed with the intensely sympathetic artist nature, and he felt his whole being wrung with a passion of pity. Yet beyond a certain natural shyness of a stranger, the object of his commiseration seemed herself wholly unmoved. If she experienced any pangs of personal humiliation, they left no sign in the tones in which she imparted what might have been a piece of quite impersonal information. He could not see her face distinctly, but her eyes, large and lustrous, shone upon him in the moonlight, which touched with a dim sheen the masses of dark hair falling upon her shoulders.

"Do not let me send you away," he said, for she was still standing as if to pass him. "It is too lovely to go in."

"It is a lovely night," she assented, resuming her low seat. "Mother has been out here with me, but little Lem cried, and she went up-stairs to him."

Always sensitive to voices, this one affected Craig like remembered music. He longed to make her speak again, yet, strangely, could think of nothing to say.

She, herself, broke the silence, somewhat timidly, but with the simple directness of a child.

"Will you tell me what you said just as you came up, sir? I thought I understood, but I wasn't quite sure."

"I—oh! I remember now! The Germans say that the scent of flowers is their language. They smell so sweet to-night, I thought they must be dreaming."

"I like that," she laughed, softly, as if taking in the fancy. "I am sure they *know*—I have been sure of that a great while.

"'Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes,""

she added, half under her breath.

Craig could scarcely repress an exclamation. Who was this dwarfed country girl, who quoted Wordsworth with the voice of a siren and the unconsciousness of a wood-nymph?

"You know Wordsworth, then?" he said.

"Almost by heart. But, then, I have so few
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books that I must read them over and over. Is it not an odd thing," she added, with apparent irrelevance, "that the world should be so alike?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he was an Englishman, you know, yet it always seemed to me as if he must have lived here on Pine Hill. There's a little seat out on the ledge behind the house, where I go almost every pleasant day to read. If I look on my book, I see

'The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one.'

Then if I shut the book and look down the valley, there it is, all just the same. Don't you think it's wonderful?"

"Yes," answered Craig. He seemed to himself to be reduced to monosyllables.

"Father"—she spoke the word with an indescribable intonation, conveying the subtle impression of a relation far more intimate than could have been expressed by the possessive—"Father used to say it was because the soul of the world is One."

Mrs. Haviland's quick step descended the stairs. The very rustle of her dress had a cheery sound.

"Oh! you've come in, Mr. Craig. I was 'most afraid you'd lost your way—there are such a lot of lanes and by-paths. My daughter Violet, sir—but perhaps you've made yourselves acquainted already."

The girl's low laugh rippled on the night air.

"Mr. Craig took me for Celia, mother," she said, "so I introduced myself."

Craig was conscious of something akin to a shock. Was the girl's spiritual nature as anomalous as her physical? Such unconsciousness of the irony of her fate was unnatural—almost monstrous.

"A study for the psychologist as well as the physiologist!" he said to himself as he took his candle and went up to his own chamber.

So dreamless were his slumbers that he was scarcely conscious of having slept until, roused by the sound of a boyish voice outside, he woke to see the morning sun streaming in at his eastern window.

"Vi! Vi! I say," called the voice, impatiently; "you'll have to catch Black. He just acts like all possessed. Mother said I was to

ride him to water, and I can't get within two rods of him."

"Never mind, Bob; I'll come." The answer came in Violet's musical voice.

He peered curiously through the half-drawn shutter.

A mossy stone wall separated the yard from an open pasture in which were two horses—the one a sober old cob, with bent head and eager lips, intent upon the short, sweet grass springing between the frequent rocks; the other a powerful young animal, just now circling the utmost limits of the field at a furious run, in evident defiance of the twelve-years old boy who stood helplessly, bridle in hand, beside the gate. Violet appeared, running lightly across the yard. She seemed even more diminutive by day than in the half-light of the evening before.

"I've been out here 'most an hour!" cried the boy. "If I could get my hands on him once—the rascal!"

"Poor Bob! it's too bad. But Blackie only means it for play. Never mind the bridle—I don't want it."

She climbed upon a stile—a tiny figure with long hair shining in the sun. The horse had paused in his course at a far corner of the pasture. The girl put her hands to her lips, and gave a clear, peculiar whistle. The pretty creature threw up his head, stood for a moment in a listening attitude, and then trotted gently toward her across the field.

"Black—bad boy—come here."

The animal obeyed. She caressed his head softly; then, at her low word of command, he stood close alongside the stile, and she sprang lightly upon his back, wreathing her hands in his heavy mane. The boy threw open the gate.

"Go!" cried Violet.

An exclamation of dismay broke from Craig's lips as he saw the spirited creature spring off upon the road at a gallop. He might have spared his fears. The girl sat her saddleless and bridleless steed with the seeming indissolubility of a Centaur.

When she came back, a half-hour later, Craig himself waited for her at the stile. She bade him a smiling "Good-morning."

"What a reckless person you must be!" he said. "You gave me a terrible turn as I watched you from my window. How did you ever tame this wild creature?"

"I—I don't know. Horses always mind me. It must be because I love them so—isn't it, Black?"

The colt rubbed his velvety nose in her hand and whinnied softly at the sound of his name.

"But how in this world did you ever learn to ride like that?"

"Oh! it's easy enough to ride," laughed the girl—"a great deal easier than *not* to. I never think anything about sitting up or holding on. I just let myself go, and I feel as if my horse was a part of me. It's like flying."

As she spoke, turning her face full upon him flushed with a fine glow of exercise, and he returned the glance from his splendid height of manly symmetry, the very genius of discord might have sighed at the strange contrast.

Craig did much hard, successful work in the weeks that followed, yet left himself time for study of the human problem, which fascinated while it baffled him. How was it possible that Violet's nature, so crude and undeveloped in some directions, should, in others, have so far exceeded her environment? Would not the time come when nature, to which she now belonged as perfectly as a nymph or a dryad, would at last become insufficient for her? It was with a generous desire to provide her with an additional resource that he began to teach her to draw, but so quick was her eye and so ready her hand that he soon took keen delight in directing the development of her unsuspected talent.

Mrs. Haviland's motherly heart warmly appreciated the kindness.

"I take it very thankfully of you, Mr. Craig," she said, one day, when they chanced to be alone, "that you should take such pains with Violet. The drawing will be just one thing more for her that's got so little in this world, poor child."

"But she seems very happy, Mrs. Haviland."

"She's never *sensed* her trouble yet, sir. That was what her father was always so afraid of. He talked with me about it. At the least, I've done the best I could by her—for his sake, as well as hers—though she's dear to me as my own."

"Your own? Is she not your child?"

"No, sir; her mother died when Violet was born. But she's altogether like—*him*."

It was easy, from the tender, falling inflection, the lingering upon the monosyllabic pronoun, to construct the one romance of the woman's toilsome life. All the world beside might have looked through the eyes of the prosaic brother-in-law upon the man without "faculty" in life, who, weakly dying, had left a life-long heritage of gnawing care to the woman who loved him. To her he was an immortally glorified memory, flawless and beautiful. The half-comprehending worship which she had lavished upon him was the tribute, rare as beautiful, of an intensely practical nature to its own opposite.

"It was a fall she had, when she was six, that did the mischief," she went on. "She never grew rightly after that. We're very quiet up here, so far from town, and I've managed that she shouldn't see very much of young folks of her own age, so as to mind the difference. I've never put tasks on her—she's done as she had a mind. While her father lived the two were hardly ever apart. She's run about the woods, and lived, as you might say, with the cattle and horses. And she knows her father's books—word for word. But she's growin' older, and it isn't in nature that she can always be so careless-like. And so, as I said, I'm properly glad about the drawing-lessons, Mr. Craig. You'll excuse me for saying it, but if you'd been one of our own kin you couldn't a' thought of a kinder thing to do. The child takes to it wonderfully—it seems as if she looked brighter every day."

The mother's homely phrase was no exaggeration. The lessons, begun out of a mere compassionate impulse, began to be a source of enthusiasm to teacher as well as pupil. The girl had more than talent—her crude work gave unmistakable indications of real, artistic power. Craig began to revolve in his mind possible plans by which she might devote her life to art. Thus, in imagination, he assisted in breaking the prison-bars of her environment and introducing her to the freedom of a realm beyond the tyranny of physical conditions.

Meanwhile, Violet's cheek took on a new color, her eyes grew deep and still, and if her laugh sounded less often, her silent smile was the more eloquent.

Midsummer passed, and the golden-rod began to flame along the lower grounds, and still Craig lingered in his summer retreat.

An artist friend, *auf der Wunderschaft*, traced him out one day. It had been long since the two had met, for Thorne was just home from Florence. Craig was almost boyishly glad in this visit of his old comrade. There was so much to say and to hear that they sat long together outside in the delicious night-coolness after the other members of the orderly household were wrapped in sleep—all but Violet, who was somehow strangely restless. She lay for a long time awake, then rising softly from her place beside the little Celia, wrapped in rosy dreams, she went to the open window. The sound of voices below floated to her ear. The words, at first indistinct, suddenly grew clear.

"I expected to have received your wedding-cards before now, Craig."

A strange, sharp pang, as of mortal agony, ran through the girl's heart. She would have risen, but her limbs refused to obey her will.

"Helen's mother was ill, and the physician ordered her abroad. She could not go without Helen, so our marriage was necessarily postponed. But the long waiting is almost over—they will be home within the month. The wedding is fixed for Christmas-time, and then, please God! we shall have no more of parting. How proud I shall be to show her to you, Thorne—my peerless love!"

"She is tall, you said?"

"Tall and fair—body and soul alike, built on no dwarfish pattern! Tall and fair—a very calla-lily of girls!"

There was a low, sobbing cry, smothered at its birth, but the happy lover and his friend, stretched at ease on the cricket-haunted green-sward, heard it not.

What her father was so afraid of had come at last—Violet had awakened.

"Body and soul alike, built on no dwarfish pattern"—over and over the words cut through the dumb pain at her heart with the reiteration of machinery. She understood herself now. This stranger, who had come into her narrow life, wise in the wonderful lore of the great world outside, opening new meanings in all familiar things, to whom she had told her inmost thoughts with the certainty of being comprehended; who, out of the world of his own creative art, had stooped to waken in hers the trembling hope of achievement—he had only pitied her with a pity akin to contempt, while she—oh! blind and foolish, that she had not understood her own heart!—she had *loved* him! Even this pain and shame she might have borne, if this were all. Others before her had loved unwittingly and unsought. But in the cruel light of his own words she seemed to see a gulf which divided her—not from him, but from her race.

Let him go to that tall, fair Helen, who was even now, perhaps, upon the sea! They would talk together of his summer on the hills; he would tell her of the poor dwarfed girl whom he had taught with pencil and crayon.

Out of the chaos of her agony one purpose alone grew clear—to go away. She could never meet his eyes, lest they guess her miserable secret. She could not endure the familiar scenes whence had vanished the soul of their delight. A bolder, darker thought strove to take shape and form. Why should she live?—she, to whom life must be henceforth a bitter mockery? But, with the stern conscientiousness born of her training, she put the temptation aside.

She dressed mechanically, and carrying her shoes in her hand, crept noiselessly down the staircase, unbolted the door, and went out. She looked up at the silent house—the guests had

sought their rooms an hour before; then, with no definite aim, she crossed the yard, clambered over the stile, and walked swiftly over the pasture. The colt, lying at rest upon the ground, started up with a snort at her approach. She spoke to him and he followed her, trying to win a caress. She clasped his bent head with both her hands, and the first tears she had shed fell upon his silken coat.

"Black, Black," she sobbed, "I have come back to you. There is no room for me among men."

She raised her head and looked far down the dim valley, through which the river wound like a silver ribbon, banded here and there by the dark abutments of a bridge. Far off as she could see, the moonlight disclosed a spectral bulk unusual to the landscape. She knew it to be the great tent of a traveling hippodrome, which had exhibited the day before in a neighboring village for the last time, so Bob had said, before leaving for the West. A wild thought flashed like lightning through the confused storm raging in her brain. She cast one long farewell look behind her and hurried down the slope, crossing field after field with unrelenting haste, until she felt the hard sand of the beaten roadway under her feet.

One year later, when the marvel of the trackless disappearance of the little girl of Pine Hill had almost ceased to be the theme of country gossip, Malcolm Craig, with his six months bride, was journeying in quiet fashion through a distant State. A slight accident to a railway-bridge had left them stranded for a day in an uninteresting country town. An itinerant exhibition was in progress there, and all available walls blazed with the pictured representation of impossible feats, which had heralded its approach. Great placards testified to the marvelous attractions of a certain "Mademoiselle Petite," of fairy-like proportions and matchless equestrian performance. The crowd about the hotel were loud in enthusiastic corroboration of the advertisements.

"We might go and see this diminutive wonder, if you like, Helen, dear," said Malcolm Craig. "It would seem a not unfitting accompaniment of our little compulsory lark."

She smiled assent. Where would she *not* have gone with him?

Meanwhile, inside the tent the little equestrienne had already begun her exhibition. A great noise of applause greeted her as she entered the ring, a tiny figure, all in white, without tinsel or ornaments; but she scarcely seemed to hear it, glancing up for a moment only, with large, dark eyes, full of an ineffable loveliness. Her horse was brought in, a superb,

snow-white creature, neighing softly as he reached her side. She mounted upon a movable stand—no one of the ring attendants being allowed to aid her by so much as the touch of a finger—and laid her hands tenderly upon his neck, bending forward as if to whisper in his ear, while he turned his head toward her with an almost human expression of love. She stepped from her high perch upon his back, and began at first slowly, but with always increasing swiftness, the circuit of the ring.

Malcolm Craig, with his wife upon his arm, entered the tent-door. The better seats were already filled, but an attendant made room for them in the front row. Around the ring came the flying horse, his rider standing erect, with arms folded across her breast, and melancholy eyes fixed straight before her.

Helen Craig felt her husband start. "My God!" he ejaculated, under his breath.

What strange psychic thrill, more swift and compelling than the electric current, drew the soul of the girl flashing past? She turned her head and looked full into his eyes. An indescribable change came over her face—a look which none who saw would ever forget—and throwing up her arms, she fell between the crashing hoofs.

Instantly the tent was in the wildest confusion. The crowd surged forward—women screamed and some one fainted. But it was Craig who lifted in his arms the bleeding, senseless form—a burden all too light, alas!—of poor "Mademoiselle Petite."

"Stand back!" he cried. "Give her air!"

As the crowd gave way before him, his wife pressed to his side.

"It is Violet, Helen—the little girl I told you of. Come!" Then, to the manager: "She is our friend. We will care for her."

They passed out unresisted to a carriage at the door. The drooping head, with its half-shut eyes, was pillowed on Helen's breast; the long, lovely hair, dappled with blood, swept the skirt of her gown.

It was past midnight when Violet showed signs of returning consciousness. Her eyes opened, wandering feebly and uncomprehendingly from the face of Helen to that of the physician at the bedside.

"Come here, Malcolm," whispered his wife; "perhaps she will know you."

Craig stepped out of the shadow and bent tenderly over the dying girl.

"Violet," he said, softly.

A flicker of color crept into her white face, a listening look stole into her eyes.

"Violet, it is I—Craig. Do you not know me?"

Her eyes opened upon him with the slow gaze of the dying, whence all earthly pain and passion had passed away, leaving nothing but a love pure, like an angel's, and long as eternity. They turned, at last, with a questioning expression to the lady who knelt with her hand upon the pallid brow.

"It is my wife, Violet."

The girl's lips moved.

"Come closer," she whispered. "Let me see you."

The fair, tender face bent lower. Never, this side the judgment, will Helen Craig know such another solemn inquisition. Far into the in-

most depths of her pure, loving soul, that clear gaze penetrated, reading, as if by the light of a near eternity. The wan features relaxed slowly into an expression of ineffable peace.

"She is going!" whispered the physician.

Going—yet not gone! With a single, supreme effort, like the last upward flash of a dying flame, the girl drew, with her own cold fingers, the soft hand from her forehead and laid it in that of Malcolm Craig. There was a long, sobbing breath, as of a tired child who sleeps at last, and then all the room was still.

"Mademoiselle Petite" had given her last exhibition.

MISS JEPSON'S BORE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

OF all the bores which Miss Jepson had ever come across—and she had come across many, having lived the greater part of her existence in boarding-houses—Edythe Bruce promised to be the most unbearable. Miss Jepson arrived at this conclusion when she had occupied her room at Mrs. M.'s for three consecutive nights. She had moved from Mrs. L.'s because a man overhead was learning to play the xylophone, and had sound convictions that he could yet produce the chromatic scale on the bass-drum. Miss Jepson had come down to the letter M in the alphabet of boarding-house keepers, and often when she could not sleep she fell to wondering what she should do when she had exhausted the letters of the English language, and if thereafter every proprietress of a caravansary for homeless individuals must be considered as Mrs. Ampersand?

"She's altered her name," Miss Jepson decided on her third night at Mrs. M.'s, when Edythe Bruce's tap came upon her door, as it had come on the two preceding evenings. And then for the third time entered Edythe with her simper, and her little ball-room step, all very elegant and appropriate, and spread out the train of her evening gown, that was plainly or fancifully a composition which included a number of other and foregone gowns, as Miss Jepson, who had an eye for exigencies (being an instructor in art-painting to ladies) made up her mind—"She's altered her name; it was originally Edith, but she has arranged it to suit her aspirations."

For Edythe Bruce had aspirations. She was a pallid, thin-faced, nervous girl, with an abundance of reddish brown hair massed on top of her

graceful head—a dressy girl, with a manner about her of being equal to the occasion at all times—an alert manner, it might be called. The first evening she had knocked on the door of Miss Jepson's room, and, her card in her hand, announced that she had come to call on the latest arrival at Mrs. M.'s. Miss Jepson had not minded that; and in order to get it over at once, and so prevent useless conjecture—having lived in so many boarding-houses—she immediately made her caller cognizant that she was hopelessly a spinster, whose days were engaged in a high-art academy, that she had little time to take into consideration the ways and means of the people of the house, and that she had prejudices toward reserving her evenings for rest and recuperation.

"How delightful!" Edythe Bruce had cried; "then I shall always be sure to find you in your room."

This was scarcely meant to be called forth by Miss Jepson, and that lady was startled. But looking at her new acquaintance, she was struck by finding a strange quality behind the simper and the affectation—something which on the instant of its discovery rendered her helpless.

"It is because I was not rude at once, as I have always been to my other bores," she mused; "I have hesitated and am consequently lost."

The second evening Edythe Bruce came. This time she did not confine her remarks to elegant generalities, but expatiated upon more personal matters concerning herself and her fashionable friends.

"Though," she interrupted herself to say, reading the hope in Miss Jepson's eyes, "I shall

not go out one evening this winter; dear ma's only sister died in the fall, you know." And then she rattled on about dear ma's decease five years ago, and how much dear pa had missed dear ma, and how he needed comfort. "Dear pa, you know, is away at present," she carelessly said.

Miss Jepson knew no such thing, and had not cared that she did not know; while now the fact seemed to hedge the daughter in a percolating mass of interest.

But on the following evening, when the faded girl had been gabbling away a half hour on several elegant entertainments lately given by acquaintances who were "immensely wealthy," the weary auditor allowed all the interest to slip through the percolations, though she went to seek Mrs. M. on some unimportant errand, and casually mentioned Edythe Bruce, in order to ascertain if there were nothing which could engage that young person's abilities for an evening or two.

Mrs. M. smiled, and hinted that Edythe was perfectly harmless, though an amateur in fashionable affairs.

"Amateur! Yes, I know the latitude of that word; I have a class of lady amateurs," Miss Jepson said, drily. "But there is her father—I should think he would like her to be with him on an evening."

Miss Jepson had forgotten that Edythe had informed her that her father was "away at present."

"Her father?" echoed Mrs. M. "Then you don't know. He is in a reformatory."

With this opening, it transpired that Miss Jepson heard that "old Bruce" went on occasional "sprees" during which bibulous periods his daughter placed him in an inebriate hospital, which had the advantage of being very exclusive as to the social standing of its patients, and correspondingly expensive. He gave little or no trouble in the house, as his daughter so accurately timed his symptoms that she knew to an hour how long he could remain at large without creating a disturbance, and at the last hour took him off to the place of safety.

"Take him! Does she take him?" Miss Jepson asked—she could not have said why; it was not sympathy nor blame that actuated the inquiry.

"Oh! dear, yes," Mrs. M. returned. "He shambles along, and she has her hand on his arm assuring him; and so they go on up the street to the cars. She is never angry with him; she calls his carrying-on a complaint, a disease. It is my belief that nearly all their income goes to that hospital; they pay twenty-five dollars a week there."

Miss Jepson ascended to her room with a thought of how Charles Lamb used to go hand in hand with Mary across the fields to the insane asylum, where he left her, and both dreadingly sobbing as they walked.

When on the fourth evening Edythe came to her, she was less grim than she had been. The girl was studying the eyes of the other woman—maybe she came to know her dear pa's last secure hour through his eyes.

"O Miss Jepson!" she gushed, "I am so glad. I am perfectly ashamed of myself for running into your room every evening, but—well, I have no young girl friends—dear pa and I have always been sufficient for each other in a way that one's lady friends object to and deprecate, as leaving one so little time for feminine gossip. And then the people in the house here are—well, not exactly what I am used to; they are so very lively and full of chaffing, being all mercantile; Mrs. Torr's husband sells cuffs and collars, and Mr. Ray is a rag man. I feared that I might be talking liberties in coming to you so much, but now I see that I am not." And Miss Jepson was not strong enough to frown even.

For a week after this Edythe was in a state of the utmost familiarity, divulged the most private stories of herself and her friends, especially her gentlemen friends, of whom she appeared to possess great store, although none ever called to see her, nor did she go anywhere where she could possibly meet them. According to her memoirs, she had cruelly jilted several impressionable young men, and fully realized the responsibility of having so done.

"But I could not help myself," she resignedly said. "'Never will I leave dear pa while he relies so fully upon me,' I told them. I remember Ethelbert Page when he heard it—don't you think the name of Ethelbert quite too lovely? It's prettier than Cecil, don't you think? And as for Saxon—"

"But what did Ethelbert do?" Miss Jepson asked, wildly. Accept the situation as she might, she could not help tiring now and then—"What did Ethelbert do when you told him that you should not go away from your father?"

"Oh! he went into a decline," Edythe replied with the greatest nonchalance. "He had a mother, too," and she sighed.

It appeared that all her suitors had immediately gone into declines when she had promulgated to each her unalterable decision in favor of remaining with her father so long as that gentleman relied fully upon her.

This reliance was made manifest to Miss Jepson in a few days more. One evening, when the now well-known tap came upon the door, she

called out "Come in!" as usual, and went on papering her "bang" before the glass. She heard Edythe behind her, close upon her—and then she shrieked and tore the curl-papers away, for a man's face confronted her in the mirror as he looked over her shoulder. Edythe had brought her father with her.

"Old Bruce" was a stately, portly gentleman, with a perpetual vinous grin, that seemed to play all over his warm-hued countenance; a well nurtured, not to say tyrannous man, whose daughter doted upon him, clung to him with a strength that proved that many former stays had been removed from her before the perfecting of her affection for the least of all.

"I wanted dear pa to meet you, Miss Jepson. He came home only this evening—so sorry to have interrupted you—he has heard so much about you."

Dear pa bowed over this disjointed speech, and, putting several silver-coated pellets between his lips, till he resembled the gemmed young woman in the fairy tale, who dispensed jewels during her conversation, became suavely complimentary to the lady who had won his daughter's friendship, and unburdened himself of several beautiful moral precepts touching upon the glories of friendly attachments, at the same time letting it become patent that he was restless, and appreciated the awkwardness of being in a lady's private apartment while she had been on the point of repairing her personal appearance over against to-morrow's requirements. At last his presence of mind appeared to come to his relief, and politely referring to a slight attack of dyspepsia which necessitated a brisk walk in the open air, he edged his way to the door, and amid a profusion of bows disappeared when his daughter had run after him and raised her thin, pale lips to his flushed and heavy face.

Edythe was happier than usual this evening of dear pa's return, rattling on about her conquests and nothing else, and gave the histories of so many willing men who had accepted declines on her account that Miss Jepson began to wish that phthisis were not such a prevalent malady and to wonder if it had never occurred to Edythe that the liver or other organs might sometimes reflect the injury done the affections.

"But I am no longer so frivolous," Edythe summed up; "I am becoming *blasé*, I fear. There was Cuthbert Bede."

"Another decline and fall," mentally observed Miss Jepson, returning to her bang.

"He went to Florida after I refused him," Edythe pursued; "for really I could not see it as he did. I know it was wrong of me, but I

positively could not. And then Arthur Gray had the impudence when he reached Savannah, where he went, to write and make me a second offer on my own terms. But about that time Ralph Wilton—"

"Went into a decline?" interposed Miss Jepson.

"Why, how did you know?" delightedly queried Edythe.

"Never mind," said Miss Jepson; "I may be gifted with second-sight. However, let us get it all over; where did he go to have his lungs set a-right?"

"To the South of France," replied Edythe, unblushingly.

Perhaps the girl read eyes as ever to-night, although she was happy enough to be careless; for when an hour later she heard the hall-door bang she hurriedly arose to her feet.

"There is dear pa," she said; then came over to Miss Jepson. "Please don't tire of me"—she smiled in what a friend might have called an inherited manner—"please don't tire of me. It is such a relief—dear pa's coming from the place where he has been for weeks. And then—then"—her pale face had a streak of pink across it—"when I went to bring him home to-day from the hospital, you know"—for she made no secret of her father's asylum—"I met his physician a second time; the first time was when I took dear pa there. He is a new physician, young and—"

"Consumptive?" demanded Miss Jepson.

"No, indeed," Edythe cried, "no, indeed," so earnestly that Miss Jepson was startled.

"Daughter," called her father, "I have a little monetary matter to settle with you."

She opened the door and slipped out without allowing Miss Jepson a sight of him who had called her.

For a further week there was small interruption of the evening calls, although "old Bruce" was several times in a bad humor and stood in the hall and made haughty demands for money. Edythe would go to the door, whisper a few words there, hand something out, never denying him anything, until Miss Jepson's brain began to reel as much because of the idiocy of the girl's allowing her father undue privileges as for anything else.

And then two incidents broke the monotony: "Old Bruce" went on one of his "sprees," his daughter apparently neglecting the "last hour," and he was very bad in his room and required Edythe's attentions all of one evening; the next morning she took him to the reformatory. The second incident was that Edythe Bruce had an evening caller. The house was filled with *that*; Mrs. Torr undertook to show how he stroked

his whiskers, while Mr. Ray used his handkerchief as Edythe used her fan. Miss Jepson saw the caller as she passed by the parlor-door on the way to her own room; he was a pleasant enough looking young fellow, and he was engaged in earnest conversation with Edythe Bruce.

"I am afraid that the South of France has benefited Ralph Wilton," gasped Miss Jepson.

Had the girl been honest in the stories she had told? The thought that she might have been too doubtful threw Miss Jepson into a reverie. From this she was aroused by the entrance of Edythe herself.

"I know you saw him," she said, brightly; "I heard your skirts rattle past the door. The rest were further off and chaffing. It was Wallace Harrington."

"Was I right in doubting, after all?" cogitated Miss Jepson. "Such romantic names I never before heard. She invents them."

Edythe had settled into a smiling silence, tapping her slim foot upon the carpet.

"He tells me dear pa is simply dreadful," she murmured, and relapsed into silence again. After awhile she spoke further:

"He blames me for pa's condition; he says I should have obeyed his instructions and limited the allowance," and, as before, smiled into nothingness.

Miss Jepson could stand it no longer.

"In the name of all that is sensible, who is he?" she cried.

"Oh! I thought I had told you," Edythe returned, rousing herself by an effort. "He is Wallace Harrington."

"And I don't believe it," Miss Jepson frowned. "Such a name!" she amended.

"Yes, isn't it charming?" and Edythe picked at her fan. "A name attracts one so. He said I might blame myself for dear pa's condition. He called to warn me against a repetition of—of—something or other, I forget just what. It had something to do with misplaced generosity, I think. Wallace Harrington—*Doctor* Wallace Harrington. A name fit for a novel, isn't it?"

A light began to dawn on Miss Jepson.

"Is he a physician in the—the place where your father is visiting?"

"You refer to the Reformatory? Yes, he is the young physician dear pa presented to me. Don't you remember I told you about him? He looked very elegant to-night in his pointed coat; such *savoir-faire*; such an air of ease in his coat, too, quite as though it was an every evening affair; not like Mr. Ray, who, when he wears his dress-coat, looks as though he had been caught in a shower and had no car-fare. Oh! I know something!"

"For which I am thankful," was the tacit reply of Miss Jepson.

Edythe sailed from the room, returned with a newspaper, which she opened and glanced over.

"I knew it, I knew it. Look here," she cried, in great glee, and pushed the sheet under the eyes of the waiting spinster and pointed to a description of a select ball of the night before, where among the names of the guests was that of Dr. Wallace Harrington.

"I was sure he was one of the *élite*," Edythe went on. "I was positive of it. Everybody who is anybody was at that ball. If dear pa had not been so bad I—I—"

"You would have been there, too?"

"No, Miss Jepson; the death of dear ma's only sister preventing my appearing anywhere, I should have veiled and cloaked myself and had dear pa take me to see the guests arrive. They would have looked so happy and untroubled it would have done me a world of good, I think."

In a week "old Bruce" was escorted home by his daughter, who wore a bran-new toilette when she went after him. It may have occupied all the evenings of the week to concoct this toilette, for Miss Jepson saw little of Edythe in that time, merely a minute or two after dinner, when the girl would drop in and restlessly walk about. Then she would start for the door.

"I am sure you will not feel hurt by my running away," she would say; "but certain matters claim my attention just now."

But if she was restless she was not unhappy; her narrow face had a little bloom in it, seemed fresher and fuller; her eyes were bright, almost as though great joy of expectancy were hers. She was more reticent, too; spoke no word of her lovers, was not fashionably impressed by the "society" column of the newspaper, and was plainly wishful to be alone. When in her fresh toilette she brought her father home, Miss Jepson accounted for it all on the score of the elegant raiment.

But, strange to say, "old Bruce" was not amiable any more; he scowled on the world with a grievance against the universe; he was angry with his daughter; he was loud in condemnation of young physicians who assert that the cure of inebriety is through total abstinence from intoxicants.

Edythe walked him about in the evenings, possibly to stand about the doors of houses where happy people were going in to enjoy themselves. He would come in again querulous and complaining that his shattered system required a tonic which was denied him.

And then Edythe had visits from a gentleman evening after evening. Mrs. Torr looked guilty, and Mr. Ray was ashamed of himself; Miss Jepson felt acutely the injustice she had done the girl; yet when she found that the visits were from Dr. Wallace Harrington she accounted for them on purely professional grounds. And "old Bruce" was flagrant over these calls; he came to Miss Jepson's door.

"He's an idiot—the whole world's an idiot," he impartially announced, "and he is making her an idiot. She is in love with him and he with her."

"Are you referring to the world or only a unit?" Miss Jepson innocently inquired.

"I refer to a bifurcated unit—a man," contemptuously retorted "old Bruce." "What men see in a girl like that I can't tell. She's like her mother."

Miss Jepson was inspired by one idea—had she injured the girl so much as that?

"Mr. Bruce," she tremulously asked, "tell me truly, did Edythe know Ralph Wilton and Arthur Gray and Cuthbert Bede—"

"And oceans of 'em," "old Bruce" interrupted. "And she could have had her pick. But no, she says she gives 'em all up on my account. My account, mind you! And yet when this whipper-snapper of a saw-bones comes along—this chamomile admirer, this bromide of potassium enthusiast, this capsicum idolater—why, she accepts the situation and turns her poor old parent adrift—*adrift*, mind you!"

"Oh! not that," chimed in a soft voice, and Edythe had come up—"not that, dear pa; while you fully rely upon me I shall never be missed by you. Surely, many years might have told you that. I am doing all for your good. Come, dear!" and led him away.

Miss Jepson was lost in astonishment; the girl had a character, after all; men loved her, her father depended upon her; she must be living one life with those who knew her ordinarily, but another with those who understood her well enough to care for her. Has not some one said that he hated those he did not know, because he did not know them, for to know is to love?

That night there was a *fracas* in the Bruces' apartments.

"So he has shown you that you are something to him, eh?" shouted "old Bruce."

"I did not say that, dear pa," pleaded Edythe's voice; "I said that he has told me that he relied upon me to follow his instructions. * * * Don't be hard on me, father. I have never complained, have I? You have dragged me from house to house, from city to city; you have caused us to be turned from so many pleasant homes. I am always acting; I do not know

my natural self any more. Don't be hard on me, dear!"

"Then give me the money."

"We have so little left, pa; and, besides, I am doing all for your best. You are growing old—you cannot stand your usual mode of life, as you once could."

"This is some of Harrington's work, this keeping me from my own. He relies on you, does he?—and you say that I rely on you, do you? Then it means that he lo—If you don't give me the money it will be worse for you, so mind that."

"Nothing could be worse than what I have already gone through. I was mother's only stay; I gave up all for her. After that, I gave up all for you. Must my life be one of entire renunciation?"

"Your life! are you not too colorless to have any sort of life?"

"O father! father!"

"Never mind heroics. Give me the money, give me the money."

"Is it not best for you to try this new method of treatment?"

"It will be worse for you and *this* method of treatment, if you still refuse to let me have the money. I know you, I know you; and this is Harrington's work."

"I have promised him to give his plan of treatment a fair trial."

"You have promised him, have you? you—you have promised him! What! Against me? And when did you ever promise any other physician of mine? He relies upon you, eh? he is nothing to you, eh?"

"I said that he has not shown me that I am anything to him."

"And that means, O colorless daughter?"

"Don't taunt me, father. It means that I love him—love him as I never loved any one in the world before."

Miss Jepson shuddered when she heard "old Bruce" laugh at that. She would have stopped listening, only that she could not move, so fascinated was she, such a revelation was the girl to her.

"You little fool!" "old Bruce" went on, merrily, "his mother would never consent to the match. Do you know who she is? She is a woman I knew in my young 'swell' days, when she was a belle of the set we both moved in. See what we two have come to—I to what I am, and she to develop into the most rabid prohibitionist in the country. Why, in her eyes a drop of spirits is a devil's pool wherein souls are baptized unto destruction. And her son marry you, the daughter of a confirmed drinker? O you little fool! Give me the money—at once."

"You cannot have a cent."

"Give it to me before I go out, or you'll repent your stubbornness all the days of your life."

"You cannot have a cent. I have promised him."

"Then take the consequences to the man you prefer before your own father."

Miss Jepson may have feared that he meant personal violence to his daughter, for she ran from her room to Edythe's, meeting the father on the way, as he tore along the hall, down the stairs.

"Hush!" Edythe's lips formed the word. She came over to Miss Jepson, folded her arms about her, and laid her head upon her shoulder. "Hush, dear Miss Jepson! please do not say a word. I am sure you must have heard a good deal—your eyes tell me so. And pardon me for embracing you; my mother used to let me do this when I felt weaker than usual. And, believe me, I meant no harshness; only I had promised. Dr. Har—ah! his doctor prescribed total abstinence, and I am but following out certain rules I promised. My father will be better when he comes in; a little wine may quiet him, and then he will be so contrite. He does not mean to be unkind to me; he loves me very dearly. But his 'complaint' is so deep-rooted—a habit becomes a chronic disease in time. Don't you think so?"

Miss Jepson had little or nothing to say, and hurriedly left the girl when "old Bruce" entered the house an hour later.

There were no more loud words, and she had come to the conclusion that Edythe understood her father very well and that the "little wine" had been taken with the expected contritious effects. Consequently, as close upon midnight she sat at her table sketching out an exercise for to-morrow's class, she was considerably startled to hear a sharp knock on her door and to see in the hall beyond Edythe Bruce in bonnet and cloak, her father beside her, smiling once more and vigorously chewing on a clove, whose pointed end projected beyond his teeth.

"Good-bye, Miss Jepson."

"Good-bye! What do you mean, Edythe?"

"We are going away, father and I. I have settled with Mrs. M."

"At this time of night! Where do you go?"

"We shall make the one o'clock train for the West. Father has a brother in Wisconsin; we are going there."

"But the suddenness—"

"Father, tell Miss Jepson where you went this evening!" Her voice was calm and cold and her words were almost commanding.

"Old Bruce" was blithe as one about to relate a humorous experience.

"Certainly, daughter," he said, "and Miss Jepson will tell you that I did a father's part. No marrying into a family which will look down upon you. I am too good a father and from too good a family myself for that. Where did I go this evening? I went to Hester—I mean to Dr. Harrington's mother, a rabid old party, and I informed her that my daughter cared considerably for her son. You should have seen her!—and think of her as a mother-in-law! 'Your daughter' says she, 'your daughter, Philip Bruce! a young woman who considers intoxication a normal condition for fathers! who allows you to do as you please, and then takes you to reformatories! My son has spoken of her, and much too interestedly. I shall see him about this the first thing in the morning. And what brings you to me, sir—to me, who once thought kindly of you, till your horrible habit—' 'Oh!' I interrupted her, 'it is humiliating, I know; but I wanted to borrow from you a dollar, not because of old times, but in consideration of the great friendship existing between my daughter and your son.' Some people would have said that her butler put me out the door; but he did not—I walked out. My daughter by this time will acknowledge that I am the father of a little fool, and, likewise, sees her duty and considers how much I rely upon her. Thankfully do we leave this city; only, it is Edythe's proposition to go, not mine; so I am not responsible for any failure of her plans."

"Edythe," cried Miss Jepson, "do not go; stay here with me; let your father go alone."

"My father needs me," was the low answer; "I must be where he is."

"But wait till morning. Do not go to-night."

"I must go now. Do not care for me; I am susceptible to all kindness, so do not be sorry for anything. I must go now; I tell you I *must* go before to-morrow—before his mother—before there is a chance of my meeting him and—"

Without finishing her sentence, she put aside the hands of Miss Jepson, took her father's arm, and led him down the hall, out of the house, a dignity and crush upon her that silenced any detaining word which sympathy and sad understanding might have suggested.

THE TWO WAYS.—When we pick a person to pieces, expose his follies, criticize his manners, question his motives, and condemn his actions, we are making, not the best, but the worst, of him. If, on the contrary, we search for his good points and bring them to the front, if we make all allowance for his faults and errors, and withdraw them as much as possible from the notice of others, we are making the best of him, both in appearance and reality.

WITHOUT A NAME.

SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE."

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

PART I.

THE expelled laborers from the Fern-leaf Mine, which had been closed for the past three months, were parading the streets of the river-town, which depended mainly for its enterprise on the thriving condition of this very class, with whom its sympathies were, therefore, strongly enlisted.

Not a few of the more idle and emotional of the community were numbered with the disaffected workmen, who, forming in undisciplined companies, had been indulging in more or less riotous proceedings for a number of days, with demonstrations threatening to the peaceful interests of the masterly player whose part it had been to move or to hold inactive these not wholly passive pawns in the industrial game of life.

Ten years before, Wilbur Evans, an adventurous and successful speculator, had discovered that in a certain tract of mountain-land, which he had regarded as a rather useless incumbrance, he was the possessor of an unsuspected mine of wealth, waiting but the opening of a superior strata of coal to yield an income surpassing his present hopes, if not equaling his highest ambition. Relinquishing, therefore, the western enterprises, by which he had realized a fortune sufficient to develop the new resources of power, he had come on and settled down where it was possible to give the closest personal supervision to the affairs of this unforeseen empire in an inheritance he had nearly cast away.

Overlooked always with the most careful consideration of private interests, the mining operations had been, through a series of years, singularly successful and unimpeded by any strike or revolt among the men, though it had been found expedient, from time to time, to make reduction of wages, offset a little later by the inspiring effect of a slight advance, which, in the balance, should none the less yield a margin of profit to the cleverness of Wilbur Evans.

But this latest cut, made on the ground of hard times and over-supply, had been met with open insurrection by the miners, who evidently regarded it as the last grinding turn of upper and nether millstones. They, too, could prate of hard times, but not of over-supply, unless it were in the direction of coal-blackened youngsters, swarming like bees at their hovel-doors.

It was not clear to themselves if they determined wisely, but considering the matter in indignant council, they resolved to a man that they could not accept the condition of work on half time at a reduction of pay—that a state of affairs compelling such a condition equally compelled its resistance, so long as strong hands were reaching for toil and hungry mouths gaping for bread. How existence was to be maintained in opposition to the power condemned was not contemplated in the beginning, when the fire of indignation warmed and satisfied the revolting host. That was a matter waiting the developments of time. They were ready to take the risks.

But with the reasonings of either side the story-teller has nothing to do. Enough if he or she were able to give both parties an impartial showing.

The master of the situation, receiving the rejection of his terms with a bland smile, promptly closed out the working forces of the mine and settled down complacently to an indefinite period of restful inactivity. To all appearance, the sudden silence reigning in the patiently hewn avenues of his underground kingdom was as pleasant to his sense as the thunder of toil that had sent up the black current which it had been his business to transmute to a flowing tide of gold. Resistance to his will beat powerless as the storm-tossed waves of the sea against its rocky cliffs.

Meantime, he had found amusement and recreation in another class of workmen and artists employed to complete the external and interior embellishments of the magnificent villa that he had builded in the fairest locality of the beautiful region. Gazed at from the dingy cabin-windows of the squalid mining settlement, it appeared to the younger eyes, with its brilliantly illuminated plate-glass shining across the river in the winter nights, like the enchanted palace of a prince in fairy tale. To the minds of the older and more cynical observers there, it was the symbol of a contrast irreconcilable with their vague, crude, preconceived notions of the equality they supposed to exist in a "free country."

"Shure," commented one of these pick-axe-philosophers with the pungency of a Carlyle—"shure, an' it's a great feedin'-trough, this Ameriky, where the scurviest pig gets in,

head and foot, and roots the decent ones out."

"And the rest of us stand an' squal," remarked another, contemptuously.

On this late winter afternoon, Ward Evans, the only son and heir of the Evans House, stood before the most prominent window in this pile of architectural elegance, commanding a view of the street along which the motley crowd of strikers were approaching in disorderly march, waving banners with ominous mottoes and shouting out anathemas against tyrants between sullen mutterings of wrath and vengeance.

The sight of the young man seemed, in a measure, to quiet these demonstrations. There was even, on the part of some of the men, an involuntary gesture of respect as they came within his line of vision, and the whole body of rioters passed the house without further manifestations of the violence with which they had approached it.

With a flash of fire in his splendid eyes, Ward Evans turned his dark, handsome face toward the girl standing a little back of him, watching, with a scornful curl of her lips, the spectacle which, at sound of disturbance, they had risen and approached the window to observe.

"Do you know," said the gentleman, in a low, intense voice, "I feel like hurling out and putting myself at the head of that mob of men, as a leader seeking to direct them in the best way to the attainment of such rights as are undoubtedly theirs. There is enough justice in their demands to enlist the sympathy of minds trained to a wider outlook, and, therefore, capable (if unprejudiced) of clearer perceptions of the relations that should be maintained between the two most important factors of civilization. Such a leader they need, and such a leader in me I believe they would find."

The young lady frowned.

"I have no patience with such unreasonable claims as these creatures are everywhere making," she returned, haughtily. "It would be pure cowardice to yield to their terrorizing threats. You know that they are only kept in order by the stringent force of laws which hold them, as they elegantly phrase it, with noses to the grindstone. You know that, if given the opportunity, they would, to the last man and woman of them, prove more tyrannical and oppressive in power over those in their employ than any example in tyranny and oppression which they are able to quote in illustration of their wrongs. You know that if they were permitted to get the upper hand in affairs of state and commerce, the whole land would be a scene of anarchy, misrule, and des-

potism unparalleled in history; you know that to weakly succumb to these brutal masters in one case would act on the murmuring, discontented multitudes at large like a moral epidemic, inaugurating a reign of confusion destructive alike to industry and to the sources to which it must look for reward."

Ward Evans gazed at the fair, flushed face—beautiful in its arrogance—as if he saw beyond it that which tempered the girl's passionate zeal and harmonized their seemingly inadmissible difference of view.

"It is true," he said, gently, "that the worst, as well as the best, qualities of human nature are revealed in the lower conditions of life. These people, who for generations have been restricted to the mere consideration of ways and means to sustain physical existence, cannot be expected to display more dignity and elevation of character than we would expect of those who have had the widest opportunities and the strongest incentives to the development and cultivation of high moral and reasoning capacities, which should teach, certainly, a wiser power of government than is manifested in our dealings with this element. What we do expect of these men, is the patience and stolidity of beasts of burden, feeling ourselves outraged when there comes under our tightened grip a bellow of indignation and a stunning shock of horns and heels, upsetting our little enterprise, which depended, more than we realized, on their fidelity and submission. But let us not talk of these matters, my Marian; it is better that I look a little sharply after this crowd, with whom I have some influence, perhaps. You will excuse me."

Marian Churchill leaned forward and clasped her hand upon the gentleman's arm as he turned to go.

"Ward! Ward! I wish you had not said that!" she cried, reproachfully.

"What did I say, dear?" he softly questioned.

"That you felt sometimes like throwing yourself as a leader at the head of that mob of men—you! Ward Evans! You looked, when you said that, like the tall, dark brigand who passed just now, towering head and shoulders over his company, and whose intense eyes flashed living fire as he called out, with a prophet's air: 'Woe, woe, and desolation to them that sit in high places!'"

"Ah! you mean Ivan Kazenof, I think," said young Evans; "a man singularly interesting—a man capable, too, of great evil, I fear, but often moved, in the midst of his frantic outbursts of passion, to the meekness of a lamb. He is a study to me; but I would not be like Ivan, Marian," he added, smiling.

"Nay; I said but for a moment your expression suggested this man to my mind," Marian explained. "Forgive me, my grand, glorious lover—like no one in the world but yourself—from whom I cannot part without token of instant reconciliation—"

"Who would miss the opportunity for such a 'token'?" Evans murmured, smiling as he bent to kiss the face, more lovely in this sudden flush of tenderness and humility than it had been in the pride and disdain of the preceding moment. "But difference of opinion merely can never alienate us, Marian," he added, turning again toward the door.

"Oh! be sure that you risk no danger, Ward," was the loving injunction called after him as he left the house.

The rioters were vanishing from view in the direction of their settlement, known as Waterloo, but there seemed to the young man's sense a prescience of evil in the air which strangely oppressed and saddened him. He was not clear in his purpose as he walked on, but he felt an impulse moving him to seek the headquarters of the desperate men, whose grim determination was rising to frantic rage as the chances of gaining their point lessened day by day before the gaunt, staring certainty of swift-approaching want.

He had heretofore exhausted all arguments in the effort to reconcile them briefly to his father's terms, holding out the hope, perhaps illusive, of an early adjustment of affairs which might restore them to their former status; and there now seemed nothing likely to deter them from evil but to espouse their cause, and through this influence, subtly employed, he might possibly lead them from a contemplated revenge.

As he passed down to the river in the windy twilight a slight, boyish figure sprang out to him from the shadows of the bridge upon which he was about to enter.

"An' is it yerself, Master Ward?" cried the youth, who, though little younger than Ward himself, seemed the merest stripling by contrast with that gentleman's magnificent proportions.

"It is I, Jo. What is wanted?" demanded Ward Evans, recognizing a young fellow over whom Ivan Kazenof appeared to exercise a kind of guardianship, though it was not known that he was a relative.

"Yerself it is that I wanted to see. I was watchin' for ye. But what shall I say? Faith, an' I don't know," was the confused response.

"What is the matter with you, Jo, my lad?"

"Indeed, but ye see I just felt as the body of us passed the Governor's house that I'd got to speak with ye by yerself," confided Jo, talking fast with panting breath. "I tried to pull on,

but all the time I felt as if I was being dragged back with an iron hook, an' right here, ye know, I was jerked out o' the marching lines, and I hid in the bridge waitin'—waitin'—sure, an' I know not for what. It's like the time I remember when a child a-playin' on the thrack and the engine coming up an' a holdin' me spill-bound with its baleful eye, an' I could not move to save the life o' me. An' all at once down swooped an angel an' tossed me out o' harm's way. An' still I can't tell why that should be coming back to memory now, Master Ward."

"Neither can I, Jo," responded young Evans, inly wondering if poor Jo were not losing his wits.

"It's—it's something I ought to tell ye," burst out the stammering fellow, after another painful pause. "I'm a staring at the horrible thing just as I stared at the thunderin' locomotive that day—don't ye know? but I can't get away—me honor—it is pledged—" he added, with starting eyes.

"Don't perjure yourself, my boy," said Evans, kindly. "You have set me on the watch. I will not ask more."

Jo cast about him in despair. Then, with an intense look at his companion, he dipped his head with a low, hissing murmur, succeeded by an explosive clap of his hands, at which he bounded high in air with a spasmodic fling of his long, loose-jointed limbs, that suggested a total wreck. When his feet touched ground again he turned and fled, as though fearful some inviolable trust would be snatched from him.

Evans lifted his eyebrows at the significance of the pantomime and accepted the warning.

It would be vain now to seek the confidence of the men—equally vain to summon any power of defense that did not know how to subvert a secret and underhand method of attack. He would take upon himself the responsibility of meeting any emergency that might arise.

In accordance with this resolution, there was a lonely and silent reconnoitre about the mine properties, followed by hours of solitary vigilance in the vicinity of the house, where it was wisely reckoned best by the wary watcher to avoid the excitement of suspicion and alarm.

Meantime the rain, after the day's dull interval of cloud, was drearily falling again, and the shrunken veins of the river were beginning to thrill and swell with the joy of spring, threatening with low underground murmur the bursting of its heavy icy fetters.

To Marian Churchill, the promised wife of young Evans, and at this time the honored guest of the family, the long hours of that evening were well-nigh intolerable with loneliness and a dread which she could scarcely name.

Why was Ward Evans so long away? She had striven to excite the apprehensions of the others regarding his absence, as well as to suggest some danger of violence from the men in revolt; but Mrs. Evans, rarely disturbed, reposed with serene confidence in the judgment of her husband, who, with the impenetrable mystery of the Sphinx, smiled with an appearance of holding in leash and controlling by invisible bit such worldly events as less superior creatures might dread. From the beginning he had declined to discuss in the household his trouble with the miners, treating the affair as a matter of the smallest moment, and on this occasion he silenced Marian's murmur of foreboding by a gesture of contempt.

"What is there to fear, child?" he questioned, lightly. "Ward is boorishly ungallant in his desertion of your society this evening, I allow, and you will have to find some fitting feminine punishment for his misdeed. The boy is bitten with the vain fancy that he can temporize with these rebellious wretches, who adore him, and very likely he is seeking an interview with some of the leaders this moment, with the idea of gently arguing the stubborn fellows into a reasonable consideration of the situation. We shall have to grant the magnanimous youth his own way, I suppose. When he has more years and experience he will see the folly of such juvenile proceedings. Ward will come out all right. I have great faith in him since he has shown such admirable foresight and wisdom in the choice of a wife. I used to fear that his low-down sympathies might land his heart at the feet of some fair maid in the mining settlement. But nothing less than the high-bred daughter of aristocracy has sufficed our young man."

Marian withdrew. This was not the assurance she was seeking.

Quite despairing of Ward's return at midnight, she had retired to her room, and the master of the household alone remained below, engaged with some study of business interest in his office, which was in an isolated projection of the building, quite remote from the family apartments.

The wind had risen, and its wild gusts, mingled with the dashing fall of the rain and the occasional report of cracking ice, deadened the sense to other sounds, though a vivid imagination might have conjured in these the approach of any evil which it dreaded.

But Wilbur Evans, engrossed in computations of profit and loss, was oblivious to external sounds, even, until some disturbance about the low window opening at one side of the room upon an iron balcony arrested his attention and caused him to look around, with pen suspended midway in its column of figures.

"The hour of judgment has come," spoke a deep, sepulchral voice beyond the half-drawn curtain.

Impulsively and instantaneously Evans grasped the revolver lying on the table beside him and aimed at the heavy drapery, which, to his awakened fancy, swayed with the motion of one in concealment.

The report was followed by a sharp cry of pain, and at the same moment another voice, more wiry and penetrating than the first, called out:

"Vengeance! vengeance is at hand!"

Unhesitatingly a second shot was sent into the shadow of the deep casement, from which the voice seemed to proceed, and again a groan of anguish indicated to the excited marksman that he had made a telling hit.

Then there was a stamping of feet upon the balcony; the window was violently wrenched and loosened from its fastenings; it swung open to admit the burly figure stepping resolutely in.

But Evans, raising his revolver with deadly purpose, suddenly discovered with chagrin that its half-filled chambers were emptied, and he was standing defenseless before this bold intruder. Not less exasperating was the suspicion, deepening to a certainty, that he had been *duped*, as he recognized the man with whose tricks in ventriloquism he had often been amused when skillfully played upon others. He was now enraged, as it became clear to his perceptions that he had fired at a voice, merely, in the curtain and in the shadow, and had thrilled with horror at the deceptive groans of pain which had warned his excited sense of the telling effect of his shot. The whole affair had been simply a cunning *ruse* to exhaust his ammunition and leave him unarmed against this private invasion.

"What do you want?" he demanded, glaring fiercely at the man, who in personal bearing and address was much superior to the average of his fellows.

"Justice," was the grim, sententious response of the intruder.

"You will get it on the gallows," returned Evans, hotly.

"Meantime, I will prompt *you* to an act which may save you from a worse end, sir," proposed this meddlesome dictator of justice. "Sit down at your desk and write out an order that shall return the men to their work at the earliest possible day."

"Do you think me a man to be scared into a trap like this?" cried Evans, in angry defiance. "If I had entertained the thought of sending out such an order to-morrow, this attempt to coerce my action would have changed my

intention and defeated your purpose. In these hard times there are enough unemployed laborers to doubly fill the place of this rioting gang, who have forfeited all claims on me, and when I arrange to open work again I shall find a suitable force to do it."

"And this is your decision, sir?" said the man, still standing quietly by the window.

"It is!" was the firm, emphatic response.

"Permit me to wish you had chosen otherwise," said the midnight visitor, solemnly bowing, and turning to the passage he had wrested by stratagem and force. "Prepare to meet the retribution that awaits you," he added, as he cleared the window and sent forth a long, shrill, penetrating whistle, sounding distinctly above the roar of the wind and the tumult of the rising river.

As if in response to this signal, a tall figure, close followed by another equally tall, but silent and unperceived by the first, passed around to the rear of the house, and entering a basement apartment, to which access appeared to have been previously obtained, deposited an unknown burden with careful adjustment and relation to some evidently prearranged plans and conditions. When all was satisfactorily completed, a match was struck and carried with a somewhat unsteady hand toward an innocent looking coil trailing into the shadow of an adjoining wall.

"HOLD!" spoke an imperative voice.

The man with the flickering flame in his hand started back in view of a gleaming weapon aimed at his breast.

The burned-out splinter dropped on the floor, and the two silently facing each other in the darkness were vaguely conscious of the tramp of heavy feet, hurrying as if from danger, while the river boomed like thunder above its breaking fetters.

Again a match was ignited, and its spectral blaze revealed the weapon with its deathly menace still urging a silent warning against the evil contemplated.

"Drop that flame an inch lower, and you will fall, the first victim to the ruin you have plotted," was the stern admonition.

The burning match, thrust into a wisp of inflammable substance, was cast at a venture toward the fuse. The man, turning to fly from certain wrath, dropped under the shot he had desperately dared.

Swiftly trampling out the threatening flames and severing the fuse from its fatal connection, the preserver of the household peace and safety stooped over the prostrate body, and by the light of his pocket lantern, drawn from its concealment, endeavored to ascertain the extent of the damage he had been forced to inflict.

"Good Heaven!" he said, regretfully, recognizing the pallid face. "I wish it had not been Ivan, after all!"

"Ward! Ward!" called a woman's agitated voice.

"Marian!" responded that gentleman, rising from his inspection of Ivan's injuries and hurrying outside.

"Oh! what is the matter, Ward?" cried the girl from a window above. "I have heard such dreadful sounds through all this roar of wind and rain and river, and it seemed to me you were in some awful danger, though I called without hope that you would hear and answer. What terrible thing is happening? Oh! come in, come in, out of this horrible darkness! I want to see and know that you are safe."

"There is nothing to fear, Marian. All is well," called back Ward Evans, assuringly. "But will you oblige me by rousing a servant and sending him to the rear hall door to—nay, nay, pardon me. I will myself effect an entrance. To bed, to bed, Marian, before this dampness chills you," he added, vanishing.

But presently, while he was striving to stanch the flow of blood from Ivan's wound, and casting about for some quiet method of getting him under a surgeon's care without creating any family disturbance, Marian herself, guided by the glimmer of his lantern, suddenly appeared at his side.

"I knew—I knew that something terrible was happening," she said, looking down at the prostrate man with the calmness that comes with certainty of the evil dreaded.

"Marian, Marian, this is no place for you. Go in at once," Ward Evans commanded, rising from his kneeling position and seeking to lead her away.

"How did it happen?" she questioned, quietly, but firmly resisting his effort.

"I suspected the man of bad intention—and this is the result," he briefly explained. "But the wound is not fatal, as this deathly unconsciousness would seem to indicate. Surgical aid must be at once summoned, and we must see personally that nothing is left undone to insure recovery; but I have no time to lose in present attention to this matter, important as it is. The river is rising with threat of ruinous overflow, and if effort is not speedily made to break the ice-gorge below, the mining settlement, as well as our own beautiful grounds, will be inundated, and much loss and discomfort will ensue. I must rally without delay a sufficient force of men to make available the explosive power that I propose to put on trial in the removal of the ice blockade."

"Hasten, and make your first removal of ex-

plosives from this point, perhaps," responded Marian, whose eye with lightning glance had been taking in the perils of the situation he had carefully striven to conceal. "The excitement will be a diversion of the minds of the men who must be waiting above for the explosion which you have foiled. I understand now the meaning of that stampede of heavy feet which I was sure that I heard before I ran out to call you, Ward. But hasten! I will take the responsibility here," she added, touching the wounded man with her sandaled foot. "I will rouse the servants to bear him in and dispatch a messenger at once for Dr. Reid."

"Marian, dearest," the wondering lover said, arresting her as she was flying away to execute her purpose, "I must stay business one moment to express my deep gratitude for this undaunted spirit of helpfulness in a troubled time. It was unexpected."

"Did you, then, have so little faith in me? What woman, less courageous, would be worthy of you?" she questioned, escaping the swift embrace.

A moment later, a strong, stentorian voice rang out above the tumult of nature with the appeal:

"To the rescue! Ho! ho! ye men of Waterloo! hasten! hasten! Your homes are threatened by flood! To the rescue! to the rescue! Every man to the lower bridge to await orders! Every power of gunpowder and dynamite to the ice-gorge below!"

This cry broke startlingly on Wilbur Evans, still pacing the room where his warning visitor had left him, indignantly questioning what mischief these idiotic fellows supposed they could possibly do to him.

Running out into the hall and along the passage leading to a side entrance, he was met by his coachman and butler bearing in a wounded man overlooked by Marian, who, when she had seen the body properly disposed and had sent William with all speed to summon the nearest physician, turned to explain to the astonished master of the house this singular liberty of action which challenged him to reciprocal benevolence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOSTALGIA.

ONE of the most prominent features in the literature of the present day is the number of words unpronounceable to the uninitiated, and hard to be "understood of the people," scattered throughout its pages. The other week, while reading a theological work by a popular author, I came upon so many words which I had never even seen before, that the dictionary was in constant requisition.

When I first saw the word "nostalgia" I was younger by a good many years than I am now, and had no idea of what it meant.

I looked at it from every side, repeated it aloud, wondered—with a hazy remembrance of having once learned "roots"—what its derivation might be, read and reread the context, hoping to have some light thrown on its meaning, and finally did what I should have done at first—went for my lexicon. That, however, was useless, as, being an old-fashioned one, it did not contain the word, so I hopelessly forbore any further inquiry, being surrounded by a family as ignorant and badly educated as myself, trusting to time or accident to enlighten me. But by one of those freaks of nature—convenient freaks, sometimes—one no sooner comes in contact with a hitherto unknown word or place, than one is sure to encounter it again in a day

or two—I found my new friend, nostalgia, mentioned in a newspaper, with its explanation, "home-sickness," considerably given in the same sentence.

Nostalgia, home-sickness, "heim weh"—no matter what you call it—"a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—is an unmistakable fact, though philosophers may sneer, and callous-hearted persons laugh.

It is a disease, as much as neuralgia or fever are diseases; it baffles the cleverest doctors' skill, and admits of only one complete cure, and that is by removing its cause.

Sheer strength of will may keep it in abeyance, hard work may turn aside its course for a while; but sometimes, at odd moments, in unexpected places, it asserts itself with an uncontrollable longing, a sickening thirst for home, which will neither be repressed nor appeased.

A floating scent in the air—a scent laden with the memory of a bygone day, a sunset flush in the sky, an old melody borne on the breeze, have been known to bring on an access of this strange illness, almost unbearable in degree. Reason has little or no effect in subduing its feverish excitement; friendship the closest, love the tenderest, cannot turn aside its current; music has no power to soothe its bitterness, nor

the distractions of gayety to rouse it from its melancholy. It is something outside the sufferer's body, outside himself, his feelings, his reason; it is a sickness of the soul, a longing to outstrip time and space, to leave the laggard body behind and fly to the native air, the loved associations and early friends of childhood.

Lonely ranches in wild Mexican mountains have echoed to its sobbing cry; under the glare of a tropic sun, amid the brilliant coloring of tropical foliage, men and women have pined and sickened—aye, and even died—of this mysterious illness. It is strange that an ailment, which to all appearance is connected with the nerves, should not be more common among the weaker sex, but men suffer from it in a greater degree than women, and the more hardy the race the more they seem to suffer. Northern races experience its deadly symptoms more than the warmer-blooded southerner; indeed, I have heard that the Esquimaux have such a deeply rooted love of their cold and barren country entwined among the very fibres of their nature, that they can hardly exist for any length of time out of it, and dwindle away physically and mentally till they return.

I remember once, in a far foreign country, seeing a man who moped, lost his appetite, and looked generally wretched for days, but who, on being questioned as to the cause of his melancholy, replied that he was in perfect health. Afterward, when the fit, which was fortunately merely a temporary one, had worn itself out, he told me that it was a heart-longing for home which had suddenly taken possession of him: that it seemed to him he could not again be happy till he heard the old tones and paced the old garden-walks—if only for a day or an hour, it would have contented him. He could again have assumed the harness of daily toil, and spent the necessary years of exile in a foreign land, could he for one day have drunk at this refreshing well.

It is not only in foreign countries and far-away scenes that this sickness is felt. I have known new-made, happy brides suffer from it, and often I was not surprised. I do not think half enough is thought of the sacrifice entailed on many a young girl who quits a home full of brothers and sisters and life and gayety, and marries a man who is absorbed in his business or profession from morning till night. She is expected to be "as happy as the day is long," because the supposed mission of her life is fulfilled, she has got a settlement, a husband, and a home. But what a change! She may be heart and soul in love with him, but in the daily seven or eight hours of enforced solitude she is left to fill her time as best she may, and in a

newly furnished house, without children to occupy her, there is not much in a domestic way to employ her hands or her mind. How her thoughts must go back to the home she has just left, filled with the merry laughter and jests of young lives, their amusements, occupations planned, consummated, and talked over in hours filled to the brim with a thousand and one different interests! If in these tedious, long-drawn-out hours her eyes brim with tears and her heart yearns sometimes for the old life of her girlhood, with something approaching to home-sickness, who can blame her?

I knew a lonely young bride like this once; she had married the man of her choice and loved him to adoration, but she told me that in the first year of her marriage she was almost miserable. She had left a house full of bright, devoted sisters, where a stream of friends and cousins came and went all day, where talk and laughter made the week one long sunbeam; and after the short honeymoon was over, she was transplanted to a lonely country village, in the suburbs of a large town, in which her husband spent the day at his office. She had scarcely any friends with whom to interchange a word, a churchyard bounded her garden, and the passing bell, as it tolled dismally out, was the only sound which broke the long, terrible stillness; and the contrast of the full, gay life, which had made her twenty summers so happy, with the miserable, lonely hours she spent now, used to come upon her with such force of homesickness that she lay helplessly crying day after day, and when the young husband returned in the evening, expecting to find the liveliest and brightest of wives—and thinking, as most men in their convenient inconsideration do, that a woman must be perfectly happy in a home of her own—instead he found a limp and doleful creature, worn out from many tears, and ready to throw herself into his arms and shed a few more from sheer weakness.

It is not the gently nurtured or the weakly temperaments alone to whom this subtle disease comes. Strong men, of herculean frame, have been shaken by it; peasants, with little refinement and seemingly less feeling, have trembled in its grasp; adventurers, men whose lives have proved a failure, those black sheep found under every clime, reckless, careless, hardened, have "sickened of this vague disease," and longed and agonized and prayed for one glimpse of the old country to greet their dying eyes, one breath from some breezy upland, one waft from some flowing river to cool their fevered brow. Some—aye, many—headstones there are in every continent and colony in this wide world, with only rudely carved initials to mark their identity;

some little mounds, without any headstones at all; but if the green grass or stately palm growing over them could speak, they would tell sad tales of the pining away of many a brave young

life, and nobody knew but God and themselves that the breath which had blasted them was the deadly one of nostalgia.—*All the Year Round*.

THE CLOVERFIELD PINK TEA.

By L. S. L.

"A PINK tea! Don't you think it sounds rather worldly minded and theatrical?" anxiously inquired Deacon Narrows of the eager young, girlish faces that surround his arm-chair.

"Why, no," answers Myrtle Weston, "I don't see any reason that it should. My cousin, Julia Morton, writes me that they had one at their church in the city. I am sure we talk of green tea and black tea, and no one thinks anything about it."

"No, indeed," chimes in Lucy Meadows, "and besides there really is nothing so very wonderful about it, after all, only everything is to be pink; our dresses, the cake icing, the boys' neckties, and, O Deacon Narrows! you yourself won't object to one of the dear little pink sugar kisses when you see them, they are so awfully sweet."

"And, Deacon Narrows," says Maud Torbert, "the object, I'm sure, is a good one—to raise money for the poor little heathen in China. You know the 'Mission Band' is dreadfully short of funds at present, and if we can raise it better on a pink tea than on a green one, I don't see where the harm is."

"I know, I know," muses the Deacon, his forefinger still meditatively placed on the right side of his nose. "Still, I'm 'most afraid to say yes. This church has always been remarkable for the solid backbone Christian consistency of its members, and to break in upon this now, with any of these new-fangled city notions, seems to go somewhat against the grain. What did the other deacons say to it?"

"They all left it to you, being the oldest member. O Deacon Narrows! do, *please*, *please* say yes," plead all the girls in a breath, and Myrtle adds, by way of a telling parenthesis:

"The other people won't dare to object if you only agree, except, of course, old Mrs. Barkable, and she always objects to everything; but we'll promise to talk her over and get her on our side, if you'll only give your consent."

"Well, then, let it be so. Have your 'Pink Tea.' But I'm powerful afraid that I'm letting

you sow seeds of frivolity and worldliness in this good old churchy community," and the Deacon, shutting his ears to the loudly expressed thanks of his eager audience, takes his departure in much anxiety of spirit and much trepidation of soul.

Cloverfield is a village where any news of this kind spreads like wildfire. All the Mrs. Grundys of the place are on the tiptoe of expectation; never has such a thing been heard of before, and many and varied are the comments of the gossips as to how they color the tea pink, and whether it wouldn't be as well to take a few "soda mints" along in case of indigestion. The week succeeding the announcement, the "Young Ladies' Mission Band" are kept very busy making preparations for the great event.

There are cakes to be begged, sugar to be provided, cups and saucers to be borrowed, and, above all, pink dresses to be found—to say nothing of the pink neckties and pink cards of admission to be procured.

Every youthful member of the church is interested and willing to do his or her share toward the entertainment; and if some of the straight-laced, ancient ones do grumble a little and say they won't go, it is only for the time being—curiosity gets the better of them in the end, and they finally conclude they must go, if only to see what new mischief the young folks are up to.

The whole population of Cloverfield is astir, and nothing is talked of but the much-anticipated "Pink Tea."

Old Miss Mellowleaf, from her window across the lane, talks it over with her neighbor, Miss Primington. "For the land's sake! what do people want to make pink tea for? In her day, green tea was good enough for folks. Pinky things are always poisonous, and, no doubt, this new-fangled stuff is a dangerous fraud, and must taste dreadful, after being accustomed to the real article. Still, if everybody is to be poisoned, she might as well be among the number," and she forthwith takes her head in from the window and retires to the privacy of her own

particular sanctum. Here, out of the depths of an ancient, hair-covered trunk, she unearthed an old-fashioned, beaded, velvet reticule, and looking round suspiciously for prying eyes, she takes from its shining contents—the result of much chicken-raising and egg-counting—a bright silver quarter. Gathering the cords tightly together again, she weighs the bag anxiously in her hand, to feel if the subtraction has decreased it any in bulk, and hastily places it in its old hiding spot.

The silver quarter she puts in her pocket-book, to be given in exchange that evening at prayer-meeting for one of those pieces of mysterious pink pasteboard she is so anxious to secure.

The days wear on apace, until the eventful one arrives.

On the same afternoon, Myrtle Weston rushes into the sitting-room, where her mother is busy mending socks, and exclaims:

"O Mother! Ellen has laundried my pink lawn to perfection! Even the lace on the bottom of the ruffles has come out as beautifully as you please. Aren't 'Pink Teas' delightful things, anyhow? I wish we could have one every week!" and she dances gayly round the room, overturning, in her whirling capers, the china shepherdess that sits so complacently on her father's writing-table.

"There! there! Myrtle dear!" says her mother, "be a little less boisterous. See! it is already half-past two, and I think you had better take a short nap before you dress; you will be so tired out before the evening is over!"

"Sleep! you might just as well ask me to walk to the moon! There is not the least tiniest bit of sleep in my eyes, and, as for being tired, I feel as if I could dance forever. Dear me, how slowly the hours do creep, to be sure! will it ever be six o'clock? I am to be all ready by that time, you know, and," holding down the rosy face over the restored shepherdess, "Robert Sinclair has promised to come for me, mother."

Robert Sinclair is, par excellence, the beau of the village, and at Myrtle's words Mrs. Weston looks up hastily and inquiringly at her daughter.

It is seven o'clock at last, and every available pink thing in the whole vicinity of Cloverfield has been brought into requisition and placed on one of the two long tables that decorate the Sunday-school room of the Ebenezer Baptist Church.

The tables are the admiration of every one;

everything is a success, even to the little pink kisses that the young men eye so doubtfully and eat so suspiciously.

By half-past seven the room is crowded with anxious faces, and a long row of small boys line the walls near the entrance door.

There is first an anthem by the choir, then a short address by the pastor; and after five or six solos and recitations by different members of the "Band," the real enjoyment of the evening begins. The tea is passed round in the choicest of Cloverfield teacups, the pink cakes and kisses with it, and a pink Japanese napkin goes with each cup, while every tea-drinker is presented with a beautiful little pink paper plaque as a souvenir of this most auspicious event. The girls look lovely in their dainty gowns, all of one color, while the boys are momentarily caressing their delicate cravats, wondering if they prove becoming.

The "Mission Band" has never had so much money in its treasury before; but, in the midst of the festivities, the girls feel their hearts in their mouths as they see the tall figure of Deacon Narrows rise for a little speech. They are afraid he is going to denounce the whole thing, and forbid them ever having anything of the kind again, but the fear turns to joy as they listen, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, to his strong words of approbation and approval.

"It gives me great pleasure, young ladies of the 'Mission Band,'" begins the Deacon, "to express my gratification at the success of this new entertainment in Ebenezer Church. I was opposed to it at first, as being worldly minded, and decidedly unchurchly, but I have changed my ideas. Never have I participated in any social event that has given me greater pleasure. I think a hearty enjoyment of this kind is good for the soul, as well as for the body, and I find religion much more appreciable with a *little bit of color*. Yes; I approve of 'Pink Teas,' and, in future, have as many of them as you like, and I don't care if you throw a few red, white, and blue ones into the bargain," and the Deacon sits down amid much laughter, and complacently puts his little pink souvenir in one of his coat pockets.

It is an evening not to be forgotten in Cloverfield society, for never was there such a gathering of the clans before. Even Miss Mellowleaf, although disappointed in the color, is heard to say, "that real tea does taste better with pink kisses and Japanese napkins," and Myrtle, on the road home, receives a real kiss, in pledge of a promise given to Robert to be his forever; so we are very certain that two happy hearts, at least, will never forget the Cloverfield Pink Tea.

SIX HUNDRED A YEAR.

BY MARTHA.

FUEL AND LITTLE THINGS.

THERE are so many things to be supplied constantly in the wear and tear of our housekeeping requirements—trifles, perhaps, that cost very little, and yet so needful that we cheerfully make the outlay they call for without thinking it much of a drain. But continual leakage, even from a pin-hole, will, after a time, empty the largest barrel. And our income will stand no tampering with, even in tiny matters; so we will have to descend to minutia and learn well, "con by rote," and put into practice the good old adage, "A penny saved is a penny earned." We must try hard to save pennies, for by care this leakage may be so very considerably diminished, and, with a little well-applied ingenuity, such wants as *must* be filled can be supplied at very little cost of money-outlay.

Take cooking-utensils, for instance. It is certainly best to have the very good in this line, as in all others; but we are not always able to command such, and must do our best to fill the gap. Care of those we do possess, at the start, goes for much; and of those that fail—through age or accident—a little ingenuity will help to supply their place at so small a cost, so little a break into our six hundred, that we hope we can stand the inroad.

Think of the tin buckets, in which so much provision finds its way to us these days. Well, they are often thrown aside as worthless as soon as emptied; but they can be made to do good service, as cups or saucepans, nine times out of ten. I confess they are thin, and apt to become leaky soon, and a piece of soft solder is a good thing to be kept constantly on hand, so they can be kept in repair. It is easily applied to any leak that occurs (I speak from a good deal of experience in my own case), and for boiling, anyhow, these thin tins answer a good purpose.

And now for some others. I took a lard-can, wider at top than bottom, and fitted a tin jelly-bucket into it; the upper one I perforated with pretty large holes, using an ice-pick and hammer (if you only want a small amount of steam, make small holes), and I had as good a steamer as I needed. Another bucket I perforated for a colander—you can use the leaky ones for such purposes.

Find a lid, or lids—for tomato-cans—and you

have pudding-boilers. Cut them down, for small baking-pans, or put handles of wire to them for cups and dippers. A good measure can be made of a quart can by graduating it, marking measurements with a file—notch into pints, half-pints, and so on.

If you never saw a *soap-saver* I must tell you how to make one, so as to stop that leak which wasted bits of soap cause in our housekeeping; soap is so very easy to waste, and, in this way, as easy to save; and this is a drain our little income cannot stand at all. Take a closely fitting blacking-box, wash it nicely, and perforate both box and lid freely, and attach a wire handle to one of the holes. Put all the small bits of soap, which are apt to be left in water or thrown out as useless, in this box for use, and swing it through the water you want to become soapy as you need it. This is saving soap—even if it has to be cut from the block, as none remains in the water to waste away or bother you. If you can afford to do so, you can buy a good soap-saver, ready made, for very little.

A very good flour-sieve can be made at home—a frame of wood, with gauze stretched on it, answers every purpose. Even mosquito-netting may be used, but it requires several layers, as the meshes are so coarse.

Yeast-powder boxes make good cake and biscuit cutters, and, cut down, they answer well for muffin-rings. Perforate the lid of a yeast-powder box with tiny holes and your kitchen is supplied with a good and useful pepper-box. I make salt, spice, and flour boxes all in the same way, and I might go on, indefinitely, only as there is a good deal of monotony in directing you to make large holes in a big tin for one purpose and small ones in a small tin for some other sort of service, I leave a big blank for your own ingenuity and necessity to fill up.

When I look over the list of the many small needs into which my small sum of money must be converted, I remember, as I have said so often before, it *did* require great care and much persistent effort to eke it out. And let me give a few warnings here that must not be neglected, or our leakage will be more than we can stand. We must be sure that our brooms are well-seasoned—soaking in water before they go into active service prolongs their usefulness, as they

often break because they are too dry. Don't let the broom, when not in use, stand on its working end; it is well to hang it up.

We must not allow our clothes, towels, napkins, or bed-linen to become prematurely weak and worn by the use of too much soda. We must see that soap does not remain in any but a necessary bath, and that kindling-wood don't take the place of proper care in the lighting of our fires; matches will last much longer if assisted by paper-lamplighters kept in a convenient place. Don't burn, or otherwise destroy, your rags; remember the few cents they will bring from the sale of them may help onward our six hundred dollars. Take care of your cooking utensils; never put them away damp or unclean, so that rust will corrupt them. Saving fat for soap seems a very small thing, when we hope to put every considerable piece of fat to a far better use; but we can keep a handy vessel ready for even the tiny unconsidered trifles. Remember, "Many a little makes much," "For," as an Irish maiden once exclaimed, when she had disposed of her collection, consisting of several prints of butter gleaned from her mistress's larder, "who ever thought such a thing as *soapfat* would keep me in car-fares?"

One old lady used to save the expense, and make very superior and durable dish-cloths, by putting aside all the strings from bundles and knitting up her collection at odd minutes. I consider it a still better way to make *mops* for such service. The stick of an old mop is useful for a long time, as a ball of coarse knitting-cotton makes several mops, as the old ones wear out.

We break a window-pane by some accident, or some one does it for us. Necessity requires that the break be at once closed, to prevent the draught that causes colds. We are sure that, by sending for a glazier, with his comparatively modest bill, we will keep the doctor from scaring us with a larger one. We don't *have* to send for one or the other; richer people will have to support them, we can easily put in the pane of glass ourselves; it only needs care and judgment. Measure the place carefully and buy the pane of glass, and, with a few brads and a piece of putty, we easily fit it to its place, so half or more of the cost is saved.

We are in the habit of calling for aid in so many things that we can do ourselves, if we only *think* we can, and a variety of occupations is healthful for both the mind and body. Here is an idea for a quilt that will cost about nothing and yet afford as much comfort as an expensive one. Any pillow-slip, sheet, apron, or other piece of household stuff, as it falls into disuse

from weakness, can be torn or cut into pieces of a foot square (selecting the strongest parts, of course) as a foundation for our quilt.

In making garments, tear the scraps left over into strips of an inch, or an inch and a half, wide. (It helps you clear your room at the end of a day's work at sewing.) When you have collected enough strips, sew them on the square foundations, in the fashion of the easy, time-honored, log-cabin way; or you need not wait—if time offers, make a few squares and lay them aside till others are ready to join them. You can sew on a machine, but it fills up odd moments to sew at them where a machine is not at hand. Of course, it is to be lined; but for the inner layer and to obtain warmth nothing is equal to newspapers. It is a pity that this fact is not more widespread; for very poor people can be made comfortable in this way who can afford no better covers.

We have laid aside fifty dollars for light and fuel. It ought to be enough, for now coal-oil is so cheap, we can have light enough and still have the large share for fuel. But even at fifty cents a gallon we still must be careful about our lamps. They must be kept bright, so as to reflect all the light the little wicks give out. Well-kept lamps beautify a home wonderfully in the long, cold winter evenings, when we gather, under their cheerful influence, to attend to our quiet duties or pleasures. With care, we can manage to keep bright inside, even after the sun has gone to bed. The quantity of coal a house requires does not entirely depend on its size or the amount of heat you need. Of course, these count largely, but a *good* stove is the first need, and understanding how to manage it the second. A stove that is not well fitted for its work is a source of constant worry and expense and must be got rid of, or we cannot carry on our small household at such cost as we can afford. It wastes fuel, and, worse still, the family patience goes up the chimney when the smoke seeks other outlets.

After having made good arrangements for using your fuel, be sure you have also the right sort of fuel. Don't think, as many people do, that one sort of coal will answer at all times. Select several kinds of coal, so that one will be ready to fill any emergency. It would be quite handy to have small soft coal that would light like tinder at a moment's notice, but such fuel burns away too fast, and is by no means a necessity; after the fire is well lighted with soft coal it would require too much attention to keep it up with the same. We want harder coal for comfort as well as economy.

Did you ever use coke? If not, try that; where a fire of an enduring nature is not re-

quired it is a first-rate substitute for coal; we used it constantly for a year, both for heating and cooking. Our calculation was that fully one-third of the cost was saved. Of course, if fires are to be kept up for hours of absence or over night, coal must be used; but one soon becomes accustomed to the enduring capacity of coke, so as to make due allowances for it; our servants, who hate innovation, complain of having to feed the fire too frequently with coke, but I think the lightness of coke is much in its favor; it is so much easier to carry it from the cellar than the heavier coal. Kindling wood is sometimes a real housekeeping trial. I have been told by ladies who have the "help trouble" that a small fortune goes yearly to keep up the supply of wood, where but little was really needed if the fires had been carefully tended.

I remember one lady who very proudly told me that her jewel, Biddy, had only asked for one load of kindling in a year. After Biddy left that lady, it was discovered that the "bin-protectors," the step-covers, two step-ladders,

and several chairs had helped to make the load of wood last out. This girl could not be made to see her fault—"she had used them on his own fire." We cannot afford such kindling wood on our six hundred dollars, so we must do our best to find a substitute. I consider my best venture was to buy a load of odds and ends from a box factory.

These small, economical, convenient pieces can be procured at saw-mills, frame factories, and such places. There is no standard price that I know of for this useful refuse, but you are sure to find it far cheaper than the conventional and authorized lighter of fires.

And so it is with many things that we are constantly using—buying one sort because we have got the habit, without thought of a substitute. Whenever any necessity draws at the purse-strings too roughly, take time to sit down and *think* if something else cannot be used in its place. You will be surprised often to find how many things can be "done without"—if you are in earnest as to getting the most comfort out of the smallest amount of money.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

IT is a lovely day in the early summer time, altogether too pleasant a day, I think, to remain indoors, and so I find myself a cozy nest under the sheltering arms of a friendly old tree.

"Heigho!" I say; "why didn't I think to bring a book?" when I spy my three-year-old cousin taking a promenade in among the clovers and daisies. "Florrie! Florrie!" I call, "run to the house, there's a dear, and bring me a book."

"What book?" she queries.

"Oh! any book, anything at all," I answer, sleepily.

"Anything!" repeats my small cousin; "well, we'll det it," and presently Florrie does "det it."

"What is it?" I wonder, for I see her coming toward me carrying something almost too large for her chubby hands to manage.

"Here it is," she says, nearly dropping both the book and herself into my arms. I laugh, for Florrie has brought me the old family Bible.

"That will do, dear," I say, giving her a kiss by way of payment; "now you can run away and play;" and though I smile at first over the child's choice, I grow thoughtful presently, for I wanted a pleasant book to read, and surely this is one, and as I softly turn over the leaves, now yellow with age, I think of the many fingers that have touched reverently the faded pages.

Here on one leaf is the print of a small hand—a baby's hand—and my thoughts go back many years to one pleasant day when I had been, oh! so naughty! and mamma, not being able to do anything with me, at last sent for the old Bible, and opening it to this very page bade me read it aloud to her; but I did not wish to do it, so I gave the clean, smooth leaf an unkindly slap with a dirty little hand; but I was sobered instantly when I saw how the page became soiled and crumpled.

"You naughty Nellie!" cried mamma; "how could you do so?"

"Oh! but, mamma," I cried, "I can rub it off and make it all clean again."

"No, Nellie, you can't; it will always be there!"

"Oh!" I cried, frightened now; "every time that I am naughty, will something horrid always show? Mamma, I never will be bad again;" and so, many times afterward, when I ventured to do something that I knew was wrong, I thought of the soiled page in the Bible. "It will make a dirty mark somewhere," I would cry, "and I won't do it." And so I am busily thinking of that time, so long ago, when I hear a rustling in the grass close by me. I start, and looking up I see a kind old face bending lovingly over me.

"What are you reading, Nellie?" a pleasant voice asks; "the Bible, dear? Ah! that is good."

"Dear auntie, everything is good where you are," I say, making room for her beside me in my shady nest. Poor Auntie! hers has been a

sad life; but I think that she is content, knowing that some day all will be well.

It was on a May day, and auntie was waiting, rather impatiently, for the lover that never came, for the ship that he was sailing in never reached port. When the message came, with the news that the good ship and all on board were lost, auntie said never a word, but put carefully away the wedding garments that would never be wanted. In the old family Bible was written in a tremulous, girlish hand: "Harold Harcourt, lost at sea, May 1st, 17—."

There were many people who said that she had no heart and did not care; but when within one month auntie's brown hair became white and the merry blue eyes lost their happy brightness, then they knew that for her all was changed, and they grew to love the sad-faced woman, now a light-hearted girl no longer.

"What are you thinking about, Nellie?" asks auntie.

"Won't you tell me something nice?" I ask, without lifting my head, for my eyes are full of tears and I dare not look up.

"Do you often read this?" asks auntie, taking the Bible from me and turning over the leaves until she finds the last chapter of Ecclesiastes.

Then she reads aloud the first two verses, beginning, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"Ah, little one!" she says, "when one starts wrong it is hard to turn and get right; while it is spring-time with us we must walk carefully, or, when the winter sets in and the light of the sun and moon are almost hidden away, we will find it very hard to remember then the path the Lord wishes us to take."

"Yes, I know," I answer, gravely, thinking of the soiled page and how hard at first it was to stop being naughty.

"Do you know what this means, Nellie?—'In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened?' The keepers of the house, what would we do without them? The willing arms and hands that, when young and fresh, lift easily the heavy burden; but by and by the strong arms grow feeble and even the summer flowers

seem too much for them to carry. 'And the strong men shall bow themselves;' when our years are many then we grow tired quickly, and for us the long, pleasant walks are over, for our trembling limbs refuse to carry us farther. 'And the grinders cease because they are few.'"

"Ah! I know; that means our teeth; but, auntie, I don't know about this—'And those that look out of the windows be darkened.'"

"Some day, little one, the brightness of this world will look dim and gloomy to your tired eyes; for they will be darkened. 'And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low;' your ears, that now catch every little whisper, however faint, will be shut, so that a noise, no matter how close to you, will scarcely be heard. 'And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird;' you know, Nellie, the young and active sleep on through the early morning, but for those whose life is fast drawing to its end the morning holds no drowsiness; even the little birds are not awake before them. 'And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;' when it is spring with us our songs are merry and glad; but by and by they cease, and we become too tired to sing. 'Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fear shall be in the way;' for you, dearie, it is fun and frolic to climb the high hill, but I tremble at the thought; it seems so hard a thing to do now. 'And the grasshopper shall be a burden,' and truly, the grasshopper would seem almost too heavy a burden for some, for we are weary of all here and are only waiting to go to our long home."

"O auntie!" I say, with half a sigh, "if I must grow old and tired some day, I will be merry and happy now. I will away over the hills and gather flowers enough, so that when I am old I can have them all about me. O you birds! sing, sing, so when the day comes that I cannot hear you I can think about the merry songs I listened to when I was young. Auntie!"

But auntie has gone, and I find myself alone, until a foolish butterfly flies straight into my face, powdering my eyes with his dusty wings. I laugh, and stoop down to gather a handful of warm red clovers, then follow auntie into the house.

HAMILTON.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

PATIENT MOTHERS.

OF all the people in the world who require an unusual amount of patience, it is the mother who has in charge a pair of lively, energetic, wide-awake boys.

Not long since while on board a steamer, my attention was drawn to a pale-faced, blue eyed little woman, who, with her two children and a lady friend, was enjoying (or trying to) a trip on the lake. Her little boys, aged respectively two and four years, demanded her exclusive attention, and in order to avoid an outbreak in

the presence of so many people, the poor woman and her devoted friend Bessie, sacrificed themselves and their talents most thoroughly, and tried every device imaginable to interest them. "Did Johnnie want this or that?" No, he didn't, but he did want to drag poor Bessie away up there in the front of the deck, where the sun poured down so hot, and where he could lean over the side of the steamer and "watch it go," to the unspeakable terror of his invalid mamma, who worried lest he should fall overboard. "Oh! I know what Johnnie wants—some money

to buy popcorn—when the man comes along selling it." Thinking she had hit upon a successful plan, mamma hastily produced her wallet and gave Johnnie a nickel, with the injunction to "watch for the man." Meanwhile Georgie had seized her hand-bag, and with one dexterous sweep, had torn the handle off. "Why, Georgie, now, mamma will have to sew it." And the distressed little woman leaned her tired head on her hand to rest, but not long; for, after keeping a sharp lookout for the "popcorn man" for the space of two minutes, during which time comparative silence reigned around the little group, the children pulled mamma's dress and insisted upon placing the money in her care for safe keeping. Then Georgie "was tired," and he must lie down; so patient mamma arranged two chairs for him, hanging his hat upon one of them, while Johnnie knocked it off with charming promptness, thereby arousing Georgie, who started up with a dismal howl of dismay. About this time the vender of popcorn appeared, but he had no corn; it was all gone. After much talking, and a good deal of snarling and whining, mamma effected a compromise with the injured innocents in the shape of two toy barrels filled with candy. At length the frail invalid's feeble stock of strength was exhausted, and, turning to Bessie, she said, "I think I'll go in the cabin and lie down a few minutes, I am so tired." Both children insisted upon "going too," and did go, in spite of Bessie's entreaties that they should stay with her and let "poor mamma rest." All soon returned, however, with the intelligence that both sofas were occupied. The weary little woman looked positively unable to sit up another moment, and a sympathetic lady passenger volunteered the information that there was a sofa in the lower cabin. The intelligence was most gratefully received, and the tired woman disappeared below with

Johnnie clinging to her skirts, while Georgie was shrieking loudly in Bessie's arms, where he was held by main force. I heaved a deep sigh of sympathy for the worn, patient mother. Imagination pictured her to be the wife of some poorly paid minister, who had sent her off with "the children" to this popular resort for a week's rest and recuperation, for such she considered it to be, as I heard her remark to a friend, "I have been sick ever since I came, but would rather be here than home, for now I have so little care." I vaguely wondered what her home duties were, and if she did her own housework in addition to the care of those unmanageable children, who seemed to look upon "mamma" as a mere machine, created expressly to wait upon and amuse them. I longed to tell the dear little woman how much more her boys would respect and love her if she would exercise a little firm control over them.

Amidst all the modern improvements in this day and age of the world, I notice a growing tendency of young America to assert its rights in a most emphatic and frequently disagreeable manner. In too many households "the children" rule, while father and mother remain quite in the background. The toiling, self-sacrificing mother is more than willing to deny herself the much-needed bonnet or cloak that Susie may gratify her girlish vanity. And Susie cheerfully accepts the situation. Why shouldn't she? From her babyhood up she has been taught to expect it; the best the household affords has always been devoted to her, and as a natural consequence she takes it as her *right*. "Mamma doesn't mind," she says, and really Susie is not to blame, and hasn't a thought of selfishness, for her early training has fostered only a regard for self. Who is to blame, I wonder?

HAZEL.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

BLUE BELL'S BOYHOOD.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

SUCH a dear little house as it was! It looked like a veritable home-nest half hidden away in among the trees. It almost seemed as if the brown house itself, and the lovely spring day, too, were trying their very best to see how dear and pleasant they could be.

The skies overhead were blue and clear, and at the back of the house the apple orchard was a perfect glory of fragrant blossoms; surely fairies, if there ever were any such queer little people, couldn't possibly make anything sweeter or fairer. In among the waving grasses the yellow heads of the dandelions showed their laughing faces, while here and there a shy violet looked out to see for itself what the spring day was doing. The dainty hyacinths near by were smiling up into the happy sunlight; in fact, everything, from the smallest blade of grass to

the most tip-top apple-blossom, was just the perfection of innocence.

Inside of this little brown house all was as fresh and lovely as the outside world. There were vases of flowers in the big, old-fashioned hall, in the parlor, in the sitting-room; and if you looked up-stairs you would not find one room without its touch of spring life. Even in the kitchen, black Dinah, the cook, had a glorious bouquet of dandelions and clover-leaves.

The happy mistress of this house was just such a one as the home-nest needed to make it a perfect bit of every-day paradise. "Queen Mamma," her three children called her. She sat in the sunny window of the sitting-room busily darning stockings. Such dainty stockings! and such very big holes! and it almost seemed as if the larger the hole the happier was the mistress, for the faster that the needle flew the merrier grew the song she was singing.

A sunbeam peeping in through the open blinds danced gayly when it saw the pretty pic-

ture. What a pity that any one should carry a mournful face in the midst of so much gladness!

"O dear!"—such a sigh Queen Mamma stopped her singing to listen.

"Why, Blue Bell?" she cried, "what is the trouble?" and from the farthest corner of the room a small figure came. A pretty maiden, if only the blue eyes wouldn't look so gloomy and the rosebud mouth would smile.

Just "sweet sixteen!" "Sour sixteen," brother Ben would say if he could see her now.

"O mamma!" she cried, "to think of it. I am only a girl; it is just too horrid for anything."

"Why, little daughter?"

"O Queen Mamma! I want to be a boy. I can't do this, I mustn't do that, because girls shouldn't act so. O dear!" and a sob ended the mournful sentence. "I should be perfectly happy," she continued, "if only I was a boy."

"Teen Mammer, me des does want to be a boy," echoed a soft voice. Blessed little four-year-old Dot! if sister Blue Bell wanted anything, "Dimpled Dot," as mamma called her, wanted it, too, and whatever Blue Bell said or did, Dot was sure to try to do or say the same.

"Well! well!" said the puzzled mistress, laying stockings and work-basket one side, "I shall have to think of something for my two discontented babies."

"I am rather a big baby, I think," pouted Blue Bell.

"Dot's a big baby, her fink," cried the echo.

"Well, Bell, I have a plan; perhaps it will suit my grown-up daughter. Brother Ben won't be home for two days; suppose you take his place and be my big son. I will make believe that my Blue Bell is away. Would you like it, daughter?"

"O mamma!" cried Bell, "you blessed Queen Mamma, it will be perfectly delicious."

"Then, dear, to-morrow Ben will be at home, and Blue Bell shall be away visiting."

And having, as she thought, settled things satisfactorily, the busy matron gathered up her discarded work and began her sewing again. In and out, under and over the bright fleur, only to be interrupted by a very sorry little voice.

"Why, my Dimpled Dot! what is the matter?" and throwing aside the poor, unneeded stocking, Queen Mamma caught the small bundle of troubles in her arms.

"You's forgottet me, you's forgottet me; you's saided Blue Bell could be a boy, and you's never saided me could be anyfin. Oh! oh!"

"You blessed Dottie! mamma forgot all about her treasure. You shall be anything you want to; wouldn't a rosebud be the nicest?"

"Won't be a nassy old rosebud; finks me wants everybody a-melling an' a-melling at me. Dottie wants to be a boy."

"So you shall, dearie, to-morrow; you and sister Blue Bell both be my two big boys."

That afternoon, when papa came home from business—"King Papa," for this home-nest had a king as well as a queen—Dimpled Dot hastily told him her good news.

"Me's a-doin' to be a boy, Ting Paper, an' it's a-doin'"—clasping her chubby hands together

just the way Blue Bell did—"an' it's a-doin' to be per-ax-act-ly 'licious."

That evening the king and queen of this kingdom left their two small subjects to themselves, while the two big people had a long talk together in the library.

O Blue Bell! if you only knew what King Papa was talking about, you wouldn't be quite so sure of having a good time to-morrow.

"Don't be too hard on her, Jack," the queen was saying.

"Never fear, Nell; that sixteen-year-old maiden of ours must have a sharp lesson; it's an old story, this wanting to be a boy."

The next morning the sun looked out clear and bright, as if he almost knew that something unusual was going to happen, and was up good and early, so as to be sure and not miss one atom of the fun.

At six o'clock Blue Bell in her comfortable bed was startled by a knock, knock, at her door.

"What is it?" she cried, sleepily.

"Six o'clock, my son," said King Papa; "just time enough to get half an hour's weeding done before breakfast. I want my boy to get a good long breath of spring air so as to have a famous appetite for his morning meal."

Blue Bell hesitated a moment; she was going to rebel; then, remembering everything about the plan, she sprang up, hastily dressed herself, and ran down-stairs, thinking that, after all, she would have a merry time out among the flowers.

Poor Bell! she soon found out that pulling weeds from even among flowers was no fun. When the breakfast bell rang it was with a tired and discontented face that she entered the house. The soft white hands that Bell always kept so clean were badly soiled, and it really seemed as if all the washing in the world would never take away the unsightly green marks left by the weeds.

The usually merry people at the table were rather silent. Blue Bell didn't feel like talking, and the king and queen were busy thinking. Presently the silence was broken by loud screams from the nursery; thinking that the two day's plan had something to do with it, Queen Mamma ran quickly up-stairs.

"O mammer!" cried Dimpled Dot, "aint me a-doin' to have on Bubber Ben's clothes? don't want on horrid old dresses wiff wuffles an' wibbons. Has you forgotten me's a boy, Teen Mammer?"

"But, Dottie, you couldn't have Ben's things on; they are too big."

"Then det paper's fings for me; you's tolded me I could be a boy."

"But they are too big, too."

"Then you mus' buy me some tiny ones. Dottie is a doin' to be a boy."

At last a compromise was effected, and Dottie was satisfied by having all her pretty ribbons and ruffles taken off.

When breakfast was over Blue Bell turned dismally toward the garden to finish her task; but papa proved himself a thoughtful monarch and kindly came to her relief.

"My son, the weeding will do for to-day; you had better go into the library and study your

lessons for the morning; a boy must never be idle."

So Blue Bell spent a thoughtful hour by herself in the library. Then, seeing that it was time for school, she ran up-stairs to get ready. Such pretty ruffled aprons as she had, and such bonny bright ribbons. But mamma was there, and when Bell picked out her brightest ribbon and her prettiest apron, the merciless queen shook her head disapprovingly at her poor little subject.

"I don't want my son to grow up a fancy man; wear plain, good things, my Ben; they are the best for a boy."

So Blue Bell had to content herself with the plainest apron she could find, and no ribbon whatever. It was a dissatisfied little face that looked out from the pretty mirror.

"No ribbons, no nothing nice, but just as horrid-looking as a—a-boy; so, there!" with a stamp of her small foot and looking around to make sure that mamma was not within hearing distance, "I hate boys."

It happened this week that there was only morning school, and Bell thought that she would try her best and have a long, pleasant afternoon, and so forget all about the misfortunes of the morning. But the poor child was disappointed again, for after luncheon was over in walked papa.

"O King Papa! how nice to get home so early! will you come into the library by and by and tell me a nice story of all the queer things you and Uncle Joe did when you were boys?"

"My son, you don't want to listen to stories. I am going out fishing this afternoon, and now, like a good boy, run out-doors and get me some bait."

"O papa! King Papa!" cried Bell, opening wide her startled eyes. "I can't."

"Ben, you will never be a man if you are afraid to do such things."

Poor frightened Blue Bell! for getting the bait for papa meant digging down into the brown earth for angle worms, and timid Bell had all a girl's horror of such things.

"Come, my son, run along. I shall want them ready in half an hour."

So Bell marched bravely out of the house up to the big barn for the spade, then to the garden to hunt for a soft piece of earth. Down, down went the spade, pushed by a small foot unused to such vigorous exercise. Blue Bell shut both her eyes tight; she was half afraid to see what the spade would bring up. She never heard the footsteps drawing near or knew that the king was watching her with a pitying laugh in his kind eyes.

"There, my son," he said at last, "that will do; you are too slow; let me do it." And with a sigh of relief Bell gladly gave the spade into his hands.

"O Ben! Ben!" cried mamma, as Bell came into the sitting-room and threw herself down into an easy-chair, "get up quickly and don't sit down here again till you have brushed your clothes and put on your slippers. My son, will you never remember to be careful?"

So tired Blue Bell had to go up-stairs to change her dusty shoes. But when she came

down again she found that her troubles were not yet ended.

"Ben, how much did you brush your clothes?"

"I forgot, Queen Mamma."

"Boys should not forget such things; now go and get the big brush, and then afterward you may come and sit down for awhile."

So the clothes were brushed thoroughly; then Blue Bell found out how very tired she was; she wondered sleepily if the day would never end, and presently the tired eyes closed and Bell was fast asleep. Queen Mamma pitied her little subject, so let Blue Bell sleep peacefully for a time.

Four o'clock, and still she slept on.

"Blue Bell! my son, come, wake up, it is late."

"O mamma!" cried drowsy Bell, rubbing her bewildered eyes, "how nice of you not to wake me before. I guess now I will go up-stairs and dress."

When, half an hour later, Bell came down stairs, she stepped rather softly; but mamma's ears were too sharp.

"My son," she called, and Bell had to face her enemy.

Such a pretty Bell, all in white muslin, with bunches of pink ribbon here and there, and such dainty curls all over her small head.

"My son," said the queen in the severest tones, though her eyes danced in spite of her efforts; "a boy with ribbons and curls! hadn't you better go and dress yourself a little differently?"

So in a few moments a very plain little maiden made her appearance, the pink ribbons all gone, and the curls hidden away in a smooth braid.

"That is better, Ben," said mamma; "no ribbons and curls for me on a boy."

Poor mamma! she wouldn't have said that if she had seen mischievous Dimpled Dot standing there listening to all she said.

"Mammer, take away Dottie's wibbons. Jane dressed Dottie all up; fink she didn't know me was a boy; and Teen Mammer, take away Dot's turls."

Mamma took away the ribbons, but when it came to the curls she shook her head. Dimpled Dot's mouth quivered, and she was ready for a good cry when the door-bell rang, and mamma had to go into the parlor and entertain some callers. Bell slipped a book into her pocket and ran out-doors to have a good time.

Dottie, left to herself, did a very naughty thing.

"O Teen Mammer!" she cried, "you saided me could be a boy. Naughty turls, Dottie don't love you."

Unfortunately, the scissors lay in sight in mamma's basket, and soon snip, snip, they went till all Dot's pretty curls lay in a heap on the floor.

Mamma in the parlor, talking serenely to her friends, never thought of the mischief that was being done, but when the door opened and Dottie walked in, mamma was truly vexed.

"Dottie, what have you done?"

"Tutted off my turls; you saided me could be a boy."

Mistaken Dottie! the visitors went away and

Dimpled Dot had to be punished. Whenever Dot was not a good girl mamma called her "Maria," that name being her special aversion.

"Now, little Maria, you must stand in the corner till I call you."

"Won't go," stamping her tiny foot, "shan't be called 'Riah'."

But for ten long minutes Dimpled Dot had to stand in a corner.

"Blue Bell! Blue Bell!" called mamma, and Bell, having a nice time reading, had to come into the house in answer to the call.

"My son, what were you doing?"

"Reading, Queen Mamma," holding up her book.

"That book! O Ben! a love story for a boy! put it away, and if you wish to read any more, get that splendid book of travels that papa brought home the other evening; that is suitable reading for a boy."

So Bell's love story had to go unfinished, for that time at least, for when she was her own little self again she would finish her story.

Such a Dimpled Dot and such a Blue Bell sat down to supper that night! Bell has heartily tired of her make-believe plan, and Dottie's odd-looking head would bear evidence of the time for many a day.

The king and queen smiled at one another across the table. I know they both felt sorry for their tired subjects, for Dottie had an extra allowance of sugar on her fruit, and mamma gave Blue Bell two cups of tea.

"Queen Mamma," said Bell, after supper was over. "I am tired; I guess I will go to bed."

"Tired, Teen Mammer, wanted to go to bed," echoed Dottie.

"Wait a moment, dears," said the king.

"Here is a letter from brother Ben; he will be home early to-morrow morning, and if Bell will like it she can come home, too."

"Oh!" cried Bell, "I never, never will want to be a horrid boy again."

"Me's never a-doin' to be a boy aden," cried Dottie. "Tiss me, Teen Paper and King Mammer, Dottie is a-doin' to be a dood dirl, that's what me finks."

S. H. W.

AN UNRECORDED BLOCKADE.

IN one of the northern counties of the State of M— stands a pleasant cottage, surrounded by various kinds of trees and vines and shrubbery, which form a favorite resort for our little friends of the feathered species.

Here they come, year after year, to build their nests and rear their little broods, meanwhile treating the inmates of the cottage to a free concert at all hours of the day, and sometimes extending the favor still farther.

More than once, in the "wee sma' hours" has been heard the sweet, plaintive notes of the house-sparrow breaking in upon the darkened stillness, and oftentimes has it calmed the troubled thought of some wakeful one, oppressed by care, recalling the sweet "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" for, listening to the sweet song of this trusting little creature in the silent watches of the night, was it strange

that the human faithlessness should feel rebuked?

But this sketch has for its subject, more particularly, another branch of the sparrow family—the English cousins from over the water, who have settled among us in such fearless, and what might by some be called impertinent, fashion.

The mistress of this same cottage to which we have referred has often been sadly vexed by the inroads which this rapacious little creature has made upon the carefully spread boards of yeast, placed by her housewifely hands in the sunshine to dry.

Covers? yes; but lifted by the summer wind ne'er so lightly, the bold little invader would find a foothold, and a billhold as well (if I may so term it).

And not only does it encroach upon yeast-boards and apple-driers and other appendages of country life which its eye, so bright and saucy, may chance to espy, but it is also given to usurping the places of, and driving from their familiar hearthstones (?), the natives of the soil.

Of one instance of this kind the writer was an eye-witness, a brief account of which may prove of interest, at least to youthful readers.

On the sunniest side of this cottage which we have already mentioned, and firmly attached to the same, has stood for many years a smaller cottage, the abode of a happy little wren.

The entrance to this tiny home was somewhat larger than was needed to admit the form of its little brown inmate, and just here the trouble began.

One bright summer morning Mrs. Sparrow, looking around for a residence more suited to her taste, lighted upon this dainty little cot, surveyed it with a calculating eye, and at length concluded it would do her very nicely. Suiting the action to the thought, she at once set about driving out her little neighbor and establishing herself within.

But her purpose being detected by an inmate of the larger cottage, and Mistress Wren being a prime favorite, it was determined to go to her rescue, and, if possible, expel the lawless invader.

A small piece of wood was tacked across the lower portion of the doorway leading to this envied abode, thus making the aperture so much smaller that it was hoped plump Mrs. Sparrow could not effect an entrance.

The results were then eagerly watched for.

Presently Mrs. S—, who had been absent a few moments, came flitting by with another stick in her beak, and, perching herself upon the newly-laid door-sill, looked in, then tried to get in.

Finding this strangely difficult, she drew out her head, took a survey, then made another attempt to enter, and another and another, each more vigorous and determined than the preceding one, yet still not successful.

What could be the matter? She seemed to think that it was too much for her small wits to find out unaided, for she flew away, and on her return, shortly after, was accompanied by Mr. S—.

With quite a ruffled and important air, he set to work to sift the matter thoroughly, from

all points of view, even getting upon the roof of this mysterious domicile; and from there he looked down with critical eye upon the frantic endeavors of his spouse, which she had renewed immediately upon her arrival.

A thought seemed to strike him—she was trying very hard, yes, but not in the right way, perhaps—she did not know how to manage the matter properly.

So he hopped down beside her, and got her to step aside and let him try, which he did most manfully, but all to no purpose.

By this time he had evidently become very much excited, and possibly a little out of patience, for when Mrs. S—— again took up her former position and began to renew her efforts, he, in the midst of her struggles, gave her a most ungentlemanly peck, as if to say: "You must do it; for I begin to suspect it is all your fault, anyhow."

Poor little Mrs. S——! The human lookers-on did feel sorry for her then, but not sufficiently so as to remove the opposing block that still continued to obstruct her way.

Finding their united efforts of no avail, the little couple flew off, but in a short time returned, and with them a dozen or more of their friends and relations, who fluttered about the neighboring shrubbery and set up a chip, chip, chipping which presently grew into a perfect uproar.

What did it all mean, anyhow? and what was to be done?

Evidently nobody knew, but everybody had an opinion which everybody freely expressed, judging from the noisy clamors that filled the air.

Occasionally one of the company would fly up and perch by the side of Mrs. S—— (who still labored on) and peep about, and, perhaps, offer a suggestion or two, but nothing further.

Little Mrs. Wren, meanwhile, had taken shelter in a honeysuckle near by, and only appeared in the intervals of her enemies' absence, when she would unfailingly pour forth a sweet song, which was naturally deemed by her human audience to be a thanksgiving anthem.

The uproar continuing, attracted the attention of the neighbors, and they all came around, hopping about at a respectful distance—whole families of bluebirds and catbirds and house-sparrows, with a sprinkling of orioles and other richly adorned ones, who served to brighten the scene, while high above them all, perched upon the topmost bough of a stately Norway spruce, was Mrs. Jay, who, being in a sociable mood, perhaps, had built herself a nest in a great cedar quite on the other side of the cottage.

Very curious, indeed, was she to learn what all the commotion was about, but whether she ever really found out remains to be told; at all events, not being on very good terms with her neighbors, it is rather doubtful if *they* troubled themselves to give her the desired information.

But seemingly unmindful of spectators, friendly or otherwise, Mr. and Mrs. S—— perseveringly continued their endeavors to raise the blockade until far into the afternoon, their shrill-voiced associates meantime continuing to *chip*, but whether meant for encouragement or to give vent to their own excitement, was hard to determine.

However, the invaders at last grew weary, and, as if losing all hope of success, they finally gave up the contest and retired, followed by their circle of sympathizing companions.

In the quietness that once more prevailed, thankful little Mrs. Wren returned to her ain again, the possession of which she or some member of her family has, with each succeeding summer, undisputedly retained.

ESTHER DEB—.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

"THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME."

I AM not an "eavesdropper," but I did listen to and become very much interested in a talk between Miss Putman and Deacon Smith, the other morning. She is one of the teachers in the village school—a position she has held by right of merit for ten years, boarding all the time in the home of the Deacon, whose wife was once her schoolmate, and always her trusted friend. She was spending her fall vacation with us, and on this particular morning, after finishing my usual round of duties, I had left her sitting on the porch with the last magazine for company, and gone to my room to rest awhile before getting the early dinner. It was a warm, beautiful morning, and I lay on the lounge by the open window, so how could I help hearing what they said? Mr. Smith had driven over to see her about some business matter connected with the school. I heard him drive up, but knowing his business was not with me, and

being very tired, I did not hurry about going down. They had known each other from childhood, and the subject in hand led easily to a familiar talk on the training and educating of children. It was in reply to some remark of hers that he said, "Well, I generally leave these things for my wife to see to. She has the management of the children, and—" What more he might have said was lost by the impulsive little woman at his side breaking in with "Yes, and if your children go wrong, and by and by you are called to account for your stewardship, you will say, like Adam of old, 'The woman Thou gavest me' did it—thus shifting the burden of responsibility upon her slender shoulders, when what are your own made so broad and strong for if not to bear the greater share? Do you call this right or manly, Mr. Smith?"

The Deacon looked down at her in amazement. No one had ever dared to talk so to him before. In the village where he lived he had

always been looked up to as one of the "weighty ones of the law;" but this clear-eyed woman saw through all his assumption and conceit. She had seen the frail wife struggling on with but little help from her husband, whom she always excused by saying, "He has so much church work to do, you know, he cannot do much for his family"—and this the good wife said in all simplicity and honesty, though the weary sigh, which would not always be suppressed, told how much she needed her husband's help and sympathy in managing the four big boys who called her "mother." All this Miss Putman had seen, and her quick intuitions told her where the wrong lay, but remembering a "stranger intermeddled not" in these family affairs, she had held her peace until just now the golden moment seemed to have come for her to speak.

"But you did not hear me out, Miss Putman," the Deacon said, when he could conquer his astonishment sufficient to answer her. "I was going to tell you I have so much church work to do. I must go about the service of the Master," and he drew himself up in conscious pride. "How can I be fretted and bothered by these trivial home matters? There is the—"

"O Mr. Smith! stop!" again interrupted the lady. "What are you calling 'trivial home matters'? Is the care and training of your children a trivial matter? Who more than you is responsible for their being in the world? Why did you bring them here if you cannot give them your first, best thought and care?"

I could see the Deacon "fidget" uneasily as she turned to him, but he evidently resolved not to be beaten by a woman.

"Tut! tut! my good woman," he answered, "you don't consider what you are saying. The Lord sends us children, and there is the mother to look after them. The church work must be done. The church must be nourished and supported. There are plenty to do the homework. I am called to do the higher work."

"You are no less called to be a good, true husband to her who cast her lot with yours, and a faithful father to the children given you," was the earnest reply, "and, pardon me for the liberty I take, but is not the home first of all? Does not the church depend for its strength and purity on the strength and purity, the upbuilding power, of the homes from which its members are drawn? What is the church but an aggregate of families? There can be no clashing between the duties of home and of church, if both are rightly understood. It may sound like rank heresy to you, but I have thought many times you would do more real good in the church if you were a greater worker in your home. If, instead of so many loud prayers in the sanctuary, there were more real service in the seclusion of your home, would you not be doing the work of the Master in a more acceptable way than now? Who needs you more than your wife and sons do? Look at her struggling with a load all too heavy for her, trying so patiently day by day to make your home pleasant, and set the feet of your children in pure paths. Is it right that you leave her so much alone in this work? Is it manly to leave the management of the children who are just as

much yours as they are hers to her alone? You cannot shake off the responsibility of their being here. Once you were alone in the world, unencumbered by wife and children; why did you not remain so if you had no time or strength outside of the church? It was yours to choose then—I think it was wise in you to decide for a wife, and a home of your own, for this is a man's anchor and safeguard—and, having once made your decision, why not stand by it faithfully?"

"Who says I am unfaithful to my home, Miss Putman?" said the Deacon, catching at the last word. His voice was full of righteous indignation. "Do I not provide liberally for my family? Doesn't my wife have money to use as she sees fit, and my children have books and schooling according to their needs?"

"I grant you all that, Mr. Smith, but is it enough that you give them money, books, and schooling? Was it only money you meant when you promised sweet Mary Dean to 'love, cherish, and protect' her until 'God us do part'? It is your strength, your co-operation, and ready sympathy in all her work that she needs most, and this would be of greater worth to her than much money. It is of greater worth to any woman who seeks to bring up a family wisely and well; more than this, it is her undeniable right, and he who withholds it does great wrong—wrong to his wife and wrong to his children no less. What are you to your sons now but the banker who furnishes them with money, pays their school-bills, and buys their books? Do they come to you with any of their pleasures or their troubles? Do they look to you for strength and courage, as sons should look to their father? It is not enough that their mother is true and faithful; you should be so also. They need your strength to make them strong, your wise counsels to teach them of the pitfalls in the way, your fatherly encouragements in all their strivings after manhood. You have no right to deprive them of all this even to do your church work. Your home is first, and there, it seems to me, your greatest duty lies to-day. Can you study the teachings of Christ and not see what strong emphasis He gives to the sacredness and beauty of the family life or to faithful doing of the little things that make up the sum of human happiness? What better work can you do for Him than to help your sons come to noble manhood? You may leave this to your wife and, as I said before, say at last, 'The woman Thou gavest me did it,' but do not think thus to shirk your responsibility or to escape the punishment if you have failed in the trusts committed to your keeping. God gives no man a wife to do the work or to bear the responsibilities which are his own to do and to bear. She is the mother—the heart of the family life—but the father should be the head, walking side by side with her always and leading the way for the tender feet of the little ones. Inasmuch as he fails to do this, he fails of his duty and misses one of the best privileges life can grant. I believe in the church, but I believe first in the home. Give up some part of your church work if you must, but be faithful to your home always, and see to it that the children whom you were in-

strumental in calling into being do not charge you with neglect and wrong-doing. In giving them to you, God gave you a peculiar work, and one you cannot safely delegate to another. He calls you to this work first; then, if you have time and strength left for other fields, go and work there with the same faithfulness, and you shall not miss of your reward."

"Well, well, Miss Putman," said Mr. Smith, as the earnest voice, which had held him silent to the end, ceased, "how you shake one up with your queer ideas! You seem to have thought deeply on these subjects. If I cannot agree with you in it all, I can at least honor you for the honesty of your opinions and your fearlessness in expressing them. It may be you are right and I am wrong," he added, speaking slowly and with some effort, while I felt a greater respect for him than I ever had before.

He is a good man at heart, but the one idea of "church work" seemed to have taken possession of him to the exclusion of almost every other, and he had let himself grow into a narrow way of thinking of a great and beautiful thing.

But Miss Putman was speaking again:

"I have not meant to be presumptuous," she said, "but, like many another who stands outside of home, with no real abiding place of my own, I feel deeply the beauty and blessedness of the true home-life, and cannot bear that any should fail in their high station. Sometimes I think the solitary ones standing outside see some truths in a clearer, stronger light than do those who are in the midst of the struggle. We have many theories, and if there are some of them that will not stand the test of practical life, yet I am sure they are not all so. It is by the interchange of ideas we get new light and go on in intellectual life; is it not also true that by earnest talks and conferences as friend with friend, we may grow in moral and spiritual life? Truth must be looked at from all stand-points if we would grasp it in its beautiful completeness. If you do this I think you will find there can be no conflict between the true family life and the true church life, for one is the foundation of the other, without which it must be as the house 'built upon the sands.' Nothing, I am sure, was ever meant to supersede the true married life of love and sanctity. It is of God and next to holiness. None should enter upon it lightly, or, having once done so, let aught come between them and the fulfillment of its sacred trusts."

The Deacon seemed suddenly to think of going home, but I could see he was in deep thought as he rode slowly down the road, and I believe his wife will yet have reason to bless her friend for a "word spoken in good season."

EARNEST.

MURDERED MOTHERS.

YES, that is just the word—murdered, and self-murdered at that. Strong language, you say? Yes, but none too strong. It takes strong language to effect good with some people.

The word came to me as I sat in the home of

a friend one day last summer. It was her ironing day, and the clothes-bars stood in sight, fairly groaning under its weight of freshly ironed ruffles, puffs, and tucks. My friend sat before me, pale, with dark rings beneath her eyes and, withal, a weary, worn-out air about her.

"I don't know what is the matter with me of late," she said. "I feel nervous and tired all the time."

"I know what is the matter," I answered, "and at the risk of giving offense I will tell you. You are killing yourself. It is not a case of quick suicide with poison or pistol, but it is suicide all the same, slow but sure, and your little ones may some day be without a mother's care."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Those clothes-bars, with their weight of superfluous sewing and ironing, partly tell my meaning," I said. "You are working beyond your strength, breaking down your health and bringing disaster to your family, all for the sake of other people's eyes. You are afraid some one will say, 'How plainly Mrs. B— dresses her children!' You are afraid your neighbors' children will look better than your own; and so a foolish ambition goads you on to the sacrifice of that priceless treasure, health, that you may vie with others in the appearance of your family's dress."

The circumstances of this mother are exactly those of thousands of other mothers. Their means will not justify them in hiring help. They must perform their housework and do their own sewing in addition to bearing and caring for their children. There are but few constitutions equal to such a demand on the strength, and mothers so situated should work wisely and give themselves all the rest they possibly can.

The very matter of spending so much time in adorning children's clothes, thereby increasing the work of ironing and mending, is a most serious one. One mother, who never knew a well hour, but whose children were always fancily dressed, told me that the most of her sewing was done after her family was in bed—that she had many times burned the midnight oil in sewing for her children.

Nature will not be defrauded of her rights in that way. Sleep and rest are needed for recruiting wasted strength, and where these are denied bodily weakness will surely follow.

The idea that their clothing must be a mass of trimmings in order to make children attractive is a false one. Little childhood, sweet, pure, and innocent, is of itself sufficiently charming without so much bodily adornment. Children should always be kept clean, both their skin and clothes, but it is to the credit of a mother's good sense when their every-day garments are simply made.

Many times when little children are bereft of a mother's care, it is the result of a "broken-down" condition of the system. The immediate cause of death may have been consumption, child-bed fever, heart complaint, or one of many other diseases, but the work has been going on for a long while. The strength has been gradu-

ally giving away under the strain of denied sleep and rest, and in this impaired condition the body was quickly susceptible to disease without the strength for resisting it.

If I am in earnest on this subject it is from the painful remembrance of a freshly made grave and of a household of little ones calling in vain for the tender care and love of their lost mother. The physicians said she died of quick consumption; but had they said "died of vanity and overwork," it would have been nearer the truth. She made a slave of herself that her children might be finely dressed. There were four little ones in the home, and every little garment was fancifully shaped and adorned with trimming. Her children had a town reputation for their pretty clothing.

But one morning the mother woke up tired. That was all—"just a little tired," she would keep saying day after day. But the sewing never stopped. The plaits, tucks, and ruffles grew just as fast. The hum of her sewing-machine could be heard until late in the night, when her tired body should have been at rest in sleep. Soon a little cough commenced. It was hardly noticed at first, but it fast grew worse, and the mother was forced to acknowledge that she was sick. Work was then suspended, but the rest had come too late, and in a few short months all was over.

To that class of working mothers of which I have written I would say, in doing your summer sewing adopt such a plan as this: For the little fellows make one or two nice suits in which they can be taken out; but all their home-clothes make perfectly plain, with the exception of a neck ruffle or collar. And when the balmy spring days come, do not shut yourselves in the house doing unnecessary work, but with your little ones go out and enjoy nature's beauties and rejoice in the buoyancy of feeling that fresh air and sunshine will give.

NELLIE BURNS.

WALKING-PARTIES.

LAST year, walking-parties became very fashionable in and about Philadelphia. These are well worthy of imitation by the young people of every community. They followed the advent of the bicycle and tricycle. Those who participated in explorations upon "machines" saw so many points of interest near at home that they considered the advisability of dispensing with the automatic horses for short distances. Now, the wonder seems that anything in the way of amusement, so very simple as walking in companies, was not thought of by fashionable health-seekers before; at any rate, the few eccentrics who once loved to take long tramps, are considered eccentrics no longer, and have plenty of company in their favorite recreation.

The walking-parties of last year had several choice routes. The Park, with its beautiful woods, fields, and glens, was explored on foot, from Fairmount to Indian Rock. The old turnpikes leading out from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Baltimore, and West Chester were followed to a distance of from six to ten miles.

This year, probably, all the by-roads about the city, within a radius of twenty miles or so, will be taken in the same way.

This is how to conduct a walking-party: Let half a dozen of you, more or less—young men and women together, or young men or young women alone—start out in company. Dress plainly, sensibly, comfortably, in dark cloth or flannel costumes, with broad-soled, low-heeled shoes. Carry with you your lunch in bags or baskets, also the implements most available for your pet amateur pursuit, as a sketch-book, a botanical tin-case, a geological hammer, an insect-net, a photographic apparatus. Start early, proceed leisurely, and make most of your progress in the morning and afternoon, resting as much as possible during the heat of the day. If you choose to prolong your excursion through several days, do so; you can usually find accommodations at old-fashioned country inns and farm-houses on your way. As you go, study your route—the topography, scenery, flora, history, antiquities—and it is safe to say that you will learn more in a day by observation than you could in a week from books, to say nothing of the gain in health and pleasure.

No matter where you live, you can find something of interest in your own locality. The general plan may need some modifications—in certain mountain-districts it is not safe to venture far from home, on account of wild beasts or rattlesnakes; in malarious regions it is imprudent to go out of the house very early in the morning; but the necessary adaptations do not change the principle of walking and seeing. Why need a girl living near the salt-marshes of the coast wait until a stranger from an inland town points out to her the beauty of the statice and salicornia growing there? or why should a girl in the Alleghenies learn from a Philadelphia professor the rarity of the ferns all around her home? Let these young women—and all other young women, and young men, too, of all ages—find out all these things for themselves.

Walking-parties will do what schools, books, and lectures alone cannot. They will also teach the yet untaught remnant of young women the value of life out-of-doors and the virtue of sensible dressing; besides which, they will provide an agreeable mode of amusement for those who have no horses, carriages, bicycles, or tricycles—who cannot take very long journeys away from home, or whose time and means are limited. There is no pleasure like being fashionable and economical at the same time, you know. But, in all probability, if you inaugurate a few such parties you will discover their usefulness for yourselves.

ABUSED HOSPITALITY.

FROM my earliest childhood up to mature years my good mother has endeavored to impress firmly upon my mind the virtue of hospitality. I remember, once, when I was a young girl, she was about leaving home for a short time. After all the directions concerning the domestic duties of the household had been given and I had been thoroughly drilled in re-

gard to the exact moment when the bread should be "set to rise" and numerous other articles of equal importance, I called out, just as the good woman was getting into the carriage, "What if company should come, mother?" The reply came back, prompt and clear: "Use them well."

This I have always endeavored to do, and from my infancy up our house has been a sort of "meeting-place" for all the relatives, back as far as cousins removed to the fourth degree, and my poor mother has been a living sacrifice to the demands of her guests.

Now, I enjoy company. Nothing is pleasanter than to be surrounded by a circle of lively, entertaining people, but there are times when one prefers the privacy of their own family, and it is quite possible to get too much, even of a good thing.

During the last half-score of years, our beautiful Chautauqua Lake has come into notoriety, not only as a fashionable watering place and popular summer resort, but for the far-famed Chautauqua Assembly, where every year gather multitudes of cultured, refined people, representing nearly every State in the Union, and not a few from over the sea.

If one has relatives or acquaintances residing on the shores of the Lake, it is exceedingly convenient to remember them at this season and favor them with lengthy visits and enjoy the Chautauqua services at the same time. Hence, your pleasant home becomes, for the time being, a mere boarding-house or stopping-place, and is literally flooded with uncles, aunts, cousins, and chance acquaintances by the score, many of whom you have not met in years and most of whom you never think of visiting, who come from their homes on cheap excursion rates to live on your hospitality, without money and without price, during the hot months of July and August.

The self-invited guests care little for your society; the main object of their so-called visit is to enjoy the interesting services, and these, together with boating, driving, and excursions on the Lake, occupy their whole attention, while we are sweltering in our little kitchen, bending over the hot stove preparing meals for their healthy appetites, thus forfeiting our whole summer's recreation and pleasure. They seem to forget that we, too, would enjoy the morning ride or the public concert.

A lady visitor once said to me, as she swept into our kitchen one August morning arrayed in the most elegant of traveling costumes, all ready for a trip on the Lake: "What a view of the water you have from your kitchen-window! I should think you would enjoy washing your dishes and watching the steamers pass and repass." Yes, I *did* enjoy it, with the temperature at ninety in the shade, the natural heat of the little kitchen increased by the hot fire we were obliged to keep to provide for the hungry visitors who would flock around our dinner-table, with appetites sharpened by "the lovely ride" they had enjoyed on the Lake. I prayed for patience as I listened to the animated discussion of the eloquent lecture they had just listened to (the *very* one I had selected from the programme as the one I wished most to hear). But I

heaved a sigh of regret, as I remembered that I had no part or lot in all these good things, save to provide for the inner man, to remain at home day after day, and bake and brew for the hungry multitude of friends (?) who would surely appear at meal-time, unless, indeed, I had been "kind enough to put up a little lunch."

We live at some distance from the boat-landing, and it is no small task to see that our guests are conveyed there daily, as they seem to expect. We have no street-cars or such city conveniences to depend upon, and as we own but one good, old family horse, the light single carriage can carry but two or three at once, thus necessitating several trips, which occupies considerable time. We have no bakers to rely upon in case of unexpected company, and I recollect one occasion when, instead of our own small family, we were surprised by a company numbering eleven to spend the day with us. Had it not been for the kindness of a neighbor, the poor housewife would have been compelled to bake on no small scale.

I call to mind one minister's wife, a frail little woman, whom I "ran in" to see one hot July morning, and found her just tired out and sick. She told me she had been entertaining for the past two days a woman, a perfect stranger to her, who, having business in the place, had come to visit her on the strength of having *heard her husband preach* once some years ago.

One family we know of, people in good circumstances, have, in sheer self-defense, taken to keeping boarders (although they would much prefer the privacy of their own families), as they were so overrun with summer visitors as to be obliged to deny themselves of all privileges. One of their many guests was a woman who, half a century before, had been, for a brief time, a playmate of the host, and, therefore, she came, unexpected and uninvited, to demand hospitality on the score of old acquaintanceship.

Instead of going to one of the many boarding-houses which are so plentifully scattered along the shores of our Lake, and paying for their board and trouble in a good, honest way, our friends, many of them who chance to have acquaintances or relatives residing in this vicinity, inflict themselves upon them during the very season when leisure is most desirable to enjoy the rare privileges which come but once a year. The farmer's wife, unlike her city sister, is deprived of the many concerts, lectures, and other literary entertainments which form so pleasant a feature of a winter in the city. Do you think us inhospitable? We enjoy entertaining people who come to see *us*—not those who come merely as a matter of convenience, and stop at our house as they would at any ordinary hotel (minus board bills). We all have friends, those near and dear to us, bound by the ties of long association, whom it is a pleasure and delight to entertain; but it is often impossible to do this, on account of our self-invited guests, who occupy our time, tax our strength, and try our patience. And when at length the season is over and the last carriage-load of summer visitors disappears around the corner, and we see a kindly wave of the hand, or hear a cool "Come and see us when you can," the overtaxed strength and strained

nerves give way, and a long sickness, with its corresponding heavy doctor's bill, winds up the season; then we are forced to believe that "Charity (and also hospitality) begins at home."

HAZEL.

DRESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the cynics may say, the subject of her attire is one that deserves the thoughtful consideration of every woman. "But what need," sighs the pessimist, "to enforce this precept?" Is it not too true, alas! that a large proportion of the gentler sex are giving themselves to-day, body and mind, to the great work of adorning their persons, regardless of the claims of their intellectual and moral nature? There can be but one reply to this question—the sad fact remains. But in order to progress not only must we point out flaws; it remains to suggest the remedy. How can it serve womankind to lay down the proposition that personal appearance is a matter of but slight moment?

Show me a woman who lives up to this principle, and I will show you one who would make, to say the least, an unfavorable impression upon any society, let it be composed of her own or the opposite sex. More than that, suppose it be not a matter of reason and principle with a woman to dress becomingly, it is a strongly developed natural tendency. A desire to please is as creditable as it is natural. So do not teach the girls to despise the little arts of adornment, to lift their thoughts to something higher and better. Sacred and profane teachings everywhere emphasize the importance of the little things of life, the necessity of paying good heed to each thread in the shuttle lest the whole pattern be marred.

But while we would not assent to the views of those who see no good in any of these things, yet we cannot be blind to the defects in our social customs, apparent as they are. With far too many women, the "wherewithal shall we be clothed" is the one great consideration. Their sole ambition is to be dressed in the latest style and to outshine, if possible, their neighbor or even an intimate friend. Days are spent in shopping, promenading to display a new spring suit, or perhaps to "see the fashions." Hours are wasted in planning and consulting with dressmaker and milliner. Dollars are invested in jewels and laces to add to already overstocked wardrobes that were far better sent on some errand of mercy to feed the hungry or clothe the naked.

Few women there are but will acknowledge that this is no fancy sketch. I would speak to the young girls as they are growing up into womanhood, forming their purposes, fixing their aims in life. Beware of making dress and fashion the sole object of your existence. Let it be a means, not an end.

The woman, young or old, who is always neatly, becomingly, and suitably attired, can exercise a wholesome influence in any direction; while her careless, untidy sister could scarcely command respect.

But to consider the subject practically often

requires first the solution of a knotty problem. Many women have not the means to give full scope to their tastes, be the latter ever so simple. To such I would say that neatness and plainness of attire are always becoming and are attainable to all. But those who have no alternative scarcely need advice, as do the less restricted ones with ample room to exercise a cultured taste.

The first great consideration is perfect cleanliness and neatness, not only of person but of clothing, especially of underwear. Throughout the day, whether alone at their work or socially engaged with family or friends, the hair should be neatly arranged, the finger-nails clean and carefully trimmed. Underwear should be changed as frequently as necessary in order to insure neatness. This, of course, will depend upon circumstances, such as the work in hand or the season of the year. But do not be afraid of a laundry bill or of the wear and tear of washing clothing frequently. Rather retrench in the matter of ribbons or feathers, which are by no means indispensable. Always see that no buttons are missing from shoes or dress-waists. If you wear linen at the neck and wrists, let it be immaculate. Rubbed shoes need never be seen while shoe-polish can be bought for a ten-cent piece. So much for neatness.

In regard to the exercise of taste in the selection of materials, colors, and trimmings, the rule may be laid down that a quiet taste is a good taste. A plain fabric, good of its kind, is more economical and far preferable to a rather poor one of a more showy variety. For instance, a fine woolen suit is a more appropriate costume for all ordinary occasions than a thin silk, or even, in many instances, than a rich silk. Quiet colors are always safely chosen, as few persons appear so well dressed in gay tints as in the more sombre hues that are in accordance with both good taste and the present style. Fortunately for those who would obey to some extent the mandates of the tyrant fashion, and at the same time not violate their native good judgment in such matters, her decrees to-day are more in accordance with the laws of correct taste, the principles of hygiene, and the dictates of common sense than in the days of our grandmothers. Would a lady appear well, her costume must be plain and quiet in material, trimming, and color, but faultless in fit, appropriate to the occasion, and harmonious in all its details. Whatever extravagance she assumes must be that of simple elegance, not that splendor which will make her a laughing stock to those who really dress well.

KITTY CLOVER.

BIRTHDAY TOKENS.

IT is now generally agreed that any one may remember another upon his birthday, or at any holiday season, by a little token not necessarily expensive, and often of the donor's own manufacture. The days of costly presents, denoting quite as often the giver's pride of money or forced obligation, as friendship or love, are happily over—the question of the money-value

of a gift is never taken into consideration. A dainty little trifle, of paper, silk, or ribbon, decorated with painting, embroidery, or pressed flowers, means as much as any brilliant bauble could. The more unique in character, the more delicate in execution, the better; the materials are simply nothing but means.

This is how a friend of mine made a pretty birthday token, when quite at her wit's end. She hadn't a penny to spend and she had positively nothing that seemed available, except a quantity of waste sewing-silk of various colors and some sheets of rough, white drawing-paper. Fortunately, her stock of water-colors and brushes had not run out, so it was possible to decorate this drawing-paper. But satin or ribbon seemed out of the question; why should she not use some of this waste sewing-silk?

It did contain some rare shades, as peacock-blue, golden-green, mauve, and pansy purple. Why not pick out the prettiest and crochet something with a fine, steel hook? The result of her experiment was a dainty netting, shimmering with the tints of the rainbow, as exquisite as any ribbon that she could have purchased and painted. Daisies, trefoils, shells, and picots were freely introduced.

From the drawing-paper was cut a good-sized

card, at each end of which were cut two slits, forming a little band in the paper, through which could be passed the end of the netting. This was drawn to form a little frill at the ends above the paper band, and pulled out to make a puff in the middle. In the corners of the card were painted, in water colors, sprays of wild-flowers and grasses.

A few leaves folded from the drawing-paper formed a little book, caught together with a narrow band crocheted from the silk to match the netting. These leaves were decorated with sprays of tiny flowers, and a few poetical quotations, written in the artist's best hand, were liberally scattered among them. The book was then slipped under the netting, which held it in place, to be pulled out when desired by the crocheted ribbon tying the leaves.

Sisters, dear, you will not believe the possibilities of colored sewing-silk crocheted until you try. If colors are chosen wisely they may be made to imitate painting, and are scarcely less effective. H.

THE stem is broken—on the floor

The rose lies dead;

And its poor cheek will nevermore

Be stained with red.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

CAN anything be more pitiful than the tears of a child over a fallen parent? and what more pathetic than the anguish of a naturally sensitive and refined nature, caused by the public disgrace of one to whom they naturally expect to turn for example and support? And yet, in the midst of this enlightened age and in that centre of life, a large city, this thing may be witnessed.

Not long ago, in passing along the crowded streets in broad daylight, a group was encountered that could hardly fail to touch the sympathies of the most hardened. Only a child, a boy of fourteen or thereabouts, with tears flooding his cheeks, holding his hat before his face that he might not be recognized, and leading by the hand a man who was hopelessly intoxicated—his father. Think of the agony of shame that this little, clean soul was called upon to bear; think of the untold misery that had come all too early on his young heart; think of the sensitive, loving nature thus wounded nigh unto death, and of the fair young life whose prospects for the future were thus blasted. Parents, fathers, aye—and oh! the shame of it!—mothers, too, have you a right to ruin the God-given life of another by the bestial indulgence of your lower appetites? Many a victim, bound hand and foot in the fetters of intemperance, would hardly have drifted so far down the stream of ruin had he honestly and soberly stopped to think of the influence he exerts over his children; not necessarily because they may inherit such an evil tendency, though this truth, let me tell you, is being more and more clearly demon-

strated by the natural laws of heredity, but of the dreadful shame that a nature strong enough to keep itself pure in the midst of defilement must inevitably experience when they see the high example to which the laws of nature and man have taught them to uplift their eyes, dethroned and wallowing in the mire of a filthy appetite. Would any of us deliberately plan a thing which we were absolutely certain would involve in shame and ruin all those within the radius of its influence? There might be a few monsters in human form who would be capable of so doing, but, thank God! they are the rare exceptions. Most of us would forego any feeling of revenge if only attainable by such cold-blooded villainy, and yet we are no less culpable if, when we feel ourselves succumbing to an exacting habit that is becoming clamorous in its demands, we do not arise in the strength of our manhood and womanhood and cast it from us as we would a deadly poison. If only for the sake of those helpless creatures of God, the children He has given to our keeping (and there is no animal in the world so utterly dependent as a little child), let us be brave men and women, and break the bonds that hold us to a habit degrading in its physical and mental aspects, and entirely demoralizing in its influence on all.

Let the reader of this article peruse carefully and ponder thoughtfully over the following statement, estimating that in England alone there are one million children who do not attend school because of the poverty of their parents, most of that poverty having been

produced either directly or indirectly by liquor.

The education of the young is by no means entirely composed of that given to them within the four walls of the school-house, but there is a silent influence that comes from force of example in their homes and surroundings that exerts a more potent power than any other. Yet it is a good adjunct, that temperance should be persistently drilled into and ingrafted upon the minds of our school children; a temperance consisting not only in an abstinence from liquor, but temperance in its general rule of application to the passions of poor, frail humanity.

Joseph Cook, in a lecture delivered lately, says: "I protest against all quarrels between temperance factions. Let it be a long pull, a short pull, and all pull together. Both of the great political parties are afraid of the whisky syndicate. There are one hundred thousand of its victims in this Republic every year. Slavery never destroyed so many lives as intemperance, and slavery was abolished. The slaughter of the Chinese was due in the main to the liquor traffic. It was at the bottom of the Cincinnati

riot. Only yesterday an attempt was made to kill one of your Lancaster judges because he refused to grant a license. I believe that the liquor men will grow bolder and more audacious until they riot and shed blood, which will lead to their extermination. 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.'"

Let us then be up and doing, not with a faint heart and a feeble struggle, but echoing the sentiment of Probate Judge Hamner, of Kansas, who, after having revoked all druggists' permits for selling liquor, entered upon his record, so a local paper tells us, the following: "It is said that during the year 1885 prohibition did not prohibit in this country, but by the grace of God and Jesse Hamner prohibition will prohibit in the year 1886."

Let each man and woman, so far as he or she is personally concerned, become a second Jesse Hamner, and when human beings have learned thoroughly and properly how to govern themselves, then will they come to the time when they are above and freed from the letter of the law, becoming free men and women in the truest and highest sense of the word Liberty.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME CLUB.

MEETING AT MRS. WOOD'S.

Mrs. Powers.—When I was visiting at my sister's last week I was much interested in a book club they have. Five families belong to it; each one buys a new book once a month, which, after being read by the owners, is passed on to the next family and by them to the next, and so on until all have had their turn, when they come back to their original owner.

Mrs. Wood.—It would be a good plan for a number of us who live near together to have such a club. Did the one you speak of have any rules and officers?

Mrs. Power.—No officers and very few rules. No book or magazine was to be kept longer than one week, and no family was to have it out of their turn. The families were numbered one, two, etc. Number one passed their book to number two; number two passed their own and the one from number one on to number three, and so on. They had no regular time for exchanging. The books came on different dates. Each was covered with brown paper, and on the outside was marked the date when the owner got it and his name. When it was lent to the next family the date of sending it was marked on it below the first; the date being added each time it was forwarded, it was no trouble to see that it did not remain in any place longer than one week.

Mrs. Clayton.—I shall try to start one out in my neighborhood. There are four families of us living quite near together, and we could by following such a plan get much more reading

matter than we could if each had to buy all they had.

Mrs. Grey.—One can get very good books now very cheap. There are a number of publishers who issue "libraries" which contain works by our best writers—both works of fiction and otherwise. The books are in paper covers, quite good print, and cost from ten to twenty cents each. A few cost twenty-five. Any bookstore in a large town or city would send a catalogue of such books if requested to do so. In sending for a catalogue it might be well to mention that the "pocket edition" is preferred. They are the best type and no more expensive.

Mrs. Talman.—Would the bookman know what I want if I sent the above description, without having the names of the "libraries"?

Mrs. Power.—Yes, you would have no difficulty.

Mrs. Haddon.—I would like to have the ladies try my recipe for Lincolnshire pie. Chop very fine any scraps of cold meat you have on hand; season it as for hash. Make enough crust to line the sides only of a baking dish. After the crust has been firmly pressed around the sides, place over the bottom of the dish a layer of the chopped meat; add half a cupful of water; have some hot mashed potatoes cooked as for the table; put a layer of these over the meat, then a layer of meat followed by one of potatoes, and so on until the dish is full. Have a layer of potatoes on top; make them smooth and set in the oven long enough to bake the crust and make a good brown on the potatoes. It is best to set the pie in the bottom of the oven. The water, poured in on the first layer of meat, will keep it from cooking too hard, and the steam,

rising through the pie, makes the potatoes very light.

Mrs. Curson.—That, I think, would be an excellent way to use up cold meat and make a good dish for dinner at the same time. For breakfast I often make bread-balls. I chop cold meat—several kinds can be used together—very fine. To each cupful of hash add the same quantity of dry bread or crackers rolled fine, salt, pepper, and enough milk to moisten. I then mold it into small cakes and fry in meat drippings. Cold potatoes may be added if liked.

Mrs. Lee.—I have been making some clothes-racks to hang in my closets, which are rather small and do not give me quite as much room as I need. I took for each rack two sticks, such as come for putting in the hem of window-shades, made a gimlet hole one inch from each end of each stick, and strung them on heavy twine. I cut the twine in two pieces of the same length, made a large knot in one end of each piece, strung on one stick, then made knots twelve inches above the first, put on the second stick, and last tied loops in the ends of the strings, by which the rack could be hung up on the hooks. When hung the strings should not be both put on one hook, but on separate ones, so the strings will be perpendicular. These racks I find particularly nice for holding freshly ironed skirts, dress skirts, and shawls. The handles of worn-out brooms cut the right length would answer nicely.

Mrs. Worth.—I have been stopping up the cracks around all our unused doors and windows. The work should have been done early in the fall, but we were away from home until two weeks ago, and have been too busy to get to it. Another winter I shall buy the weather strips of rubber, which cost but a few cents a foot and are made so they fill a good-sized crack, but this winter I felt the need of using economy, so I used such material as I had in the house. Wherever I could I pasted strips of white paper, but this could only be done on windows and doors which were not to be opened. I am too firm a believer in fresh air to have all my windows closed so, and in each room I left one that could be put up and down. These I made airtight by tacking one or more layers as needed around the frame, making the sash fit in as tight as it could to go up and down. Around the door frames I also tacked cloth to fill all the cracks between it and the door. It was a good deal of trouble to do, but the added comfort more than pays.

Mrs. Mayson.—A draught blowing in on one from a crack is almost sure to give cold. I had a very severe sore throat last winter, just because I sat by a too open window to finish some sewing.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

I REMEMBER once hearing of an old gentleman who went to visit at a house where there were three young ladies in the family. While he was there the cook was taken ill, and it was thought advisable for her to have a little gruel. It turned out, however, that there was

no one who could make it. The young ladies looked at each other with blank countenances. The housemaid prudently withdrew from the kitchen and busied herself with brushes and brooms, but the gruel was not to be had, and the sick woman was obliged to put up with a cup of tea in its stead. The feelings of the old gentleman on the occasion are more easily imagined than described. He never forgot the occurrence. As long as he lived those unfortunate girls were associated in his mind with ignorance concerning gruel. When, after a time, one of them married, he regarded her husband with feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt pity.

The recovery of a patient very often largely depends upon the food which he takes, and as his power of taking food is affected very considerably by the way in which it is served and cooked, it is well worth while trying to learn how an invalid's food should be prepared.

Cookery for invalids is usually very plain and simple. All rich, highly spiced, and fatty foods are entirely out of the question, and small, delicate dishes, light foods, and cooling or nourishing drinks are needed more than anything else. Variety, too, is a great thing in invalid cookery. We all enjoy frequent change of food, and would grow weary of a dish that was set before us day after day. How much more is this likely to be the case with invalids, whose appetite at the best is poor and who have been rendered fastidious and fanciful through disease. The skill of a cook is shown quite as much in the readiness with which she can provide pleasant little surprises as in the delicacy of the food prepared.

Take, for example, the food which is perhaps more valuable and more frequently prepared for invalids than any other—beef-tea. When first supplied in cases of weakness beef-tea is usually taken with great relish. It seems to give strength and to supply just what is wanted, and a patient will look for it and enjoy it heartily. In a very short time, however, the appetite for it will fail, and the very name of beef tea appears to excite loathing. In cases of this kind a nurse who is a clever cook will introduce a change of flavor; present the beef-tea under another form, and avoid the name altogether.

A very agreeable variety may be made by using half beef and half mutton or veal in making the tea or by stewing an inch or two of celery, or even an onion and one or two cloves with the beef. The addition of a little sago also, or crushed tapioca and a small quantity of cream, to the beef-tea will alter its taste, while the addition will increase rather than diminish the nourishing, wholesome qualities of the tea. When making this, soak a tablespoonful of sago or tapioca in a little cold water for an hour. This will take away the earthy taste. Strain it and put it into a saucepan with a gill of fresh water and boil gently till tender. Add a pint of good beef-tea, hot; simmer this with the sago for a minute or two, then add a quarter of a pint of cream. Stir thoroughly, and serve. If liked, an egg or a couple of eggs may be added to the beef-tea as well as the cream. The

eggs must be broken into a basin, and the specks must be carefully removed. The hot tea, with the cream or without it, should now be poured on gradually, *off the fire*, and stirred well that the eggs may be thoroughly broken up and separated. Beef-tea may also be used in savory custard such as is sometimes made for putting into clear soup. For this, take the yolks of two eggs and the white of one, beat them well, put with them a quarter of a pint of strong beef-tea, and season with a little salt. Butter a small jar or basin, and pour in the custard. Tie some paper, slightly buttered, over the top, and set the basin in a saucepan containing boiling water which will reach half way up the basin, but which must on no account touch the edge of the paper. Set the saucepan by the side of the fire and simmer very gently till the custard is set. It will take about twenty minutes. If the water is allowed to boil fast round the basin the custard inside will be full of holes instead of being smooth and even. This custard may be served hot or cold.

Sometimes invalids who have a great distaste for ordinary beef-tea served hot, will enjoy it served cold or offered as a jelly. Now, the best beef-tea, made from juicy meat and which has not been allowed to reach the boiling point, will not jelly when cold; but beef-tea made by thoroughly stewing the shin of beef will jelly. Beef-tea jellies because of the gelatine which it contains. Gelatine is the least valuable part of butcher's meat, and it is obtained chiefly from bone and gristle. I do not recommend, therefore, that beef-tea should be made into a jelly because it will be more nourishing, but because it may prove more appetizing. I have known invalids enjoy jelly beef-tea who turned away with loathing from liquid beef-tea.

We must not think that we have done everything that is wanted when we have made the tea or broth, seasoned it lightly, and removed the fat. A very great point in catering for sick folk is to make the food *look* inviting. Every article used should, of course, be perfectly clean and bright, the tray should be covered with a spotless napkin, and if we can put on it a glass containing a few flowers as well as the food, all the better. Also we must remember not to take overmuch food up at one time, for this will be likely to set the invalid against it altogether.

Another point is worth remembering. As soon as the patient has eaten as much as he can, take the food quite out of the room, and when it is time for food again bring it in afresh, in a fresh basin with a clean spoon, having made a change in some way. Nothing is more likely to disgust an invalid than to have the food which he had left brought to him again and again, as if he were a naughty child.

When a doctor is attending a case it is always well to consult him before offering any food to an invalid. It is a good plan, however, to think over beforehand two or three dishes which can be obtained and prepared without difficulty, then to suggest these to the medical man. Every good doctor knows that "kitchen physic" will frequently do more good than drugs, and he will rejoice when he sees that this part of the medical treatment is not neglected.

RECIPES.

BLUEWASH FOR WALLS.—Take two quarts of lime, a pound of blue vitriol, and half a pound of glue. Thoroughly melt the glue in a quart of soft water. Reduce the vitriol to powder in a mortar, and put it into a wooden pail. When the glue-water is about cold, pour it on the vitriol, and mix the two well with a stick. Then stir in the lime by degrees. Try the color by dipping into it a piece of white paper, which, when dry, will show the tint. If too dark, add more lime; and if too light, add more powdered vitriol. The proper consistency can be secured by means of soft water. It is used like whitewash.

BAKED MACKEREL.—Wash well and dry a good-sized mackerel; sprinkle the inside with pepper and salt and a pinch of dried thyme and parsley. Wrap it in a sheet of white paper, well buttered; double top over and ends underneath; lay in a tin and bake in a hot oven twenty or thirty minutes, according to size. Lay a sheet of white paper on a hot dish and send the fish to table in its paper cradle, just cutting the top with scissors at the moment of serving.

POTATO MUFFINS.—Bake, with their jackets on, four large-sized potatoes until they are mealy. Then take them out of the oven, cut them open, and beat up the inside until quite smooth, seasoning with a little salt and adding two ounces of clarified butter and enough warm water to make the mixture a thin batter. Then add three beaten eggs and three pints of the best flour. Mix into a dough and then knead into it a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of lukewarm water, also a cupful of fresh yeast. Let the dough rise over-night, then put it into rings, baking the muffins on a griddle to a light brown. When done on one side, turn. They should not be cut, but torn open and buttered.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—The Scotch do not say "make tea," but "*infuse* tea," which is more correct. Good tea is an infusion, not a decoction. By *boiling* the leaves, you get a bitter principle and drive off the delicate perfume of the tea. For this reason, the tea-pot should never be kept hot by letting it stand on the top of a cooking-stove, over a lamp, or where it is likely to be made to boil. Excessively bad tea is made by people who do not know better, by putting a small pinch of tea into a large kettle of water and letting it boil till they have extracted all its *coloring* matter, in which they think the goodness of tea consists. A metal tea-pot is better than an earthen one, and the brighter it is kept the better is the tea. Rinse the tea-pot with boiling water. Put in a bumping spoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot. Pour over it just enough boiling water to soak the tea. Let it stand a few minutes, and then fill up the pot with boiling water. Do not put in carbonate of soda to soften the water and make the tea draw better, *i. e.*, to make a wretched saving of tea, unless you are in absolute poverty. The water, in fact, is softened by boiling, which causes it to deposit some of the matters it held in solution; witness, in long-used tea-kettles, the lime which settles at the bottom of many waters after boiling.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

A CLOUDLESS sky and a stretch of meadow,
Dotted with daisy and clover blooms;
A farm-house old, in the white trees nestled,
And hum of bees in the lilac plumes.

A sound of chirping from hazy marshes,
Tinkle of cowbells faint and low,
Where wandering brooks in the open sunshine
Ripple in song as they onward flow.

Tassels of alder so slenderly swaying,
And flower-bells swinging in every breeze;
A song of bird from the woodland shadow,
And carol of joy in the budding trees.

A lake's dark calm in the distance lying,
With cliffs' gray turrets reflected deep,
And flag-fringed shores where the trees are
bending
O'er stilly shades where the lilies sleep.
Youth's Companion.

THE LAND OF BOOMS.

DUE east of the sun and due west of the moon,
In a region of lights and of glooms,
In a place full of sound and of silence, lies the
faint, far Land of Booms,
Where is stalled the great stud of dark horses
which Ambition heedfully grooms.

There talk-geysers spout on forever, and the
word-pump never tires;
There himself in the glass of the future the
statesman coyly admires,
While Mount Evarts threatens the plains of
speech with sluggish, volcanic fires.

All day and all night are heard there the mak-
ing and breaking of slates,
And the buzzing of bees in the bonnets of pro-
fessional candidates,
And the neigh of dark horses waiting in the
stalls of the mighty Fates.

There wise men feed on the husks of hope and
drink of the juice of corn,
And are lulled with lies that reach their souls
through the cheating gate of horn,
Till they feel that the nomination's theirs as
sure as they are born.

There statesmen are breathlessly running who
never can reach the goal,
There the Mugwump is made perpetually to
shin up a well-greased pole;
And the thunders of the biggest bolts more soft
than bicycles roll.

Like the lightnings of midnight, the eyes there
of Black Jack fitfully gleam;
There, awful and white and majestic, by the
verge of the dire talk-stream,
The top of the Edmunds hill shines out like a
snow peak seen in a dream.

There Allison, Sherman, and Frisbie Hoar pin
their ears to the cold, cold ground,
And wait for the sound of the people calling,
but no man hears that sound;
For in wild reverence, "Hooray for Blaine!"
rings ever fiercely around.

Oh! pity, pity for them who wait for a vision
that never looms!
Oh! pity, pity for them who dwell in the faint,
far Land of Booms!
For the great Salt River skirts it, and its marge
is white with tombs. *N. Y. Sun.*

ONLY A SONG.

IT was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened
That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange, soul-stirring voices
When "the hills break forth and sing;"
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the springtime of her life.
Fair forms rose up before her
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then, when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly
And went on her way alone.
Once more in her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
And oh! thank God for the song!"

Chambers's Journal.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

A PRETTY way of brightening up round baskets is to make a bag, consisting of four pieces of satin of two colors, alternating, such as black and orange or red and blue, gray and cerise, with a ribbon drawstring of both colors. Square and other shapes have a canvas scarf (such as was used for dress purposes last summer) arranged round them, caught up with good-sized butterflies made of velveteen, with beads and silk embroidery on their wings and a wire run round, or else with long, pointed pieces of plush or velveteen edged with silk cord or iridescent beads.

These fancy canvas scarves are also used now for decorating chair-backs, by being cut and joined to the required length, with the ends resting on the back and with a large bow of surah silk tied round the middle, placed on the top of the chair. Sometimes one end is of surah and the other of canvas, with the two materials twisted up together to form the bow. These scarves are also cut and arranged as lamp-shades over a wire framework, with a ribbon tied round near the top and finished off in a bow; a frill of lace stands up above. Muslin window-curtains are tied back with the scarves, with one end turned over the other and hanging below it. Bird-cages are also surrounded by them, so that there are several ways of utilizing what is a by-gone fashion for dress and will not be worn next summer.

Some pretty, square toilet pincushions, brush-covers, glove and handkerchief sachets, can be made with small squares of plush, satin, or silk, an inch and a quarter, joined together by the points. The square is cut out in cardboard, and then neatly covered in the ordinary patchwork way; the cardboard is not withdrawn, and should be quite hidden. For an ordinary-sized pincushion, sixteen squares will be required, in four rows of four, all joined together, with a pearl at each joint. The cushion would measure seven inches square, and be of satin edged with lace, with a small bow of ribbon matching the squares, or a little tassel of pearls, at each corner. A gray-satin cushion, with cream-colored lace and squares of ruby plush, looks handsome, or a white satin, with yellow, pale blue, or pink, according to the color of the toilet-table drape. The sachets are made in exactly the same way, only have silk cord instead of lace. Cushions for chairs and sofas have squares measuring about three inches of one or more colors. This is novel, effective, and a capital way of using up even the smallest scraps. In making articles for bazaars or presents, one always has small cuttings which appear too insignificant to do anything with, but these will all come in for this work. Chair-backs, worked in the four corners and gathered up with a bow of silk cord, and tassels in the middle, are of recent introduction. The cord matches the color of the embroidery, and one end hangs down lower than the other, from the top of the back of the chair. Two corners fall over the back and two

over the front. Russian cross-stitch is more usual for the working of the corners or a small appliqué design. Perforated colored cloth, for cross-stitch, is excellent, and can be had adapted for slippers, cushions, and valances. Sets of plush table napkin-rings, each of a different color, or two of each, have been recently sold at bazaars or given as presents. They are either made over a piece of stiff buckram, one and a half to two inches wide, lined with sarsenet or satin, and neatly joined together and made to look as if they buttoned over, by two good-sized beads as buttons and two rings of little beads as loops; or else they are drawn over a piece of rope, carefully joined, and finished off with a tie and bow of satin ribbon over the join. Plush doilies are not unheard of, but they are only used for "very best," and have been known to have a real flower and spray of maidenhair pinned to one side by a pearl-headed pin. Violin bow covers, in plush or satin, are sometimes made by skillful fingers as a present to some great friend of musical ability. They require a length of thirty inches and a width of five inches. The piece is first lined with tolerably stiff brown paper, and then with satin or some other material. If any one is wishing to make one, the best pattern is a brown paper cover from a musical-instrument shop, such as is usually sold with the bow.

The painting on frosted, or crystalline, glass has a beautiful effect. There are photograph-frames of several sizes, with a delicate spray of flowers climbing up one side and reappearing on the other, and there are also panels for fire-screens, which are additionally beautified by the firelight glowing through the frosted surface. Oil-paints are generally used, but there is a particular medium sold which gives a transparent look to the painting. Hand-glasses have the backs covered with satin, stretched tightly over (which must be done by a professional hand) and then ornamented with a painted floral design and the monogram of the owner. Large butterfly pincushions, with cardboard and satin wings, are painted and suspended from the mantel valance by two-inch satin ribbon, tied in a large bow. There are pins put in round the edge and the body is made of a roll of cloth covered with velvet.

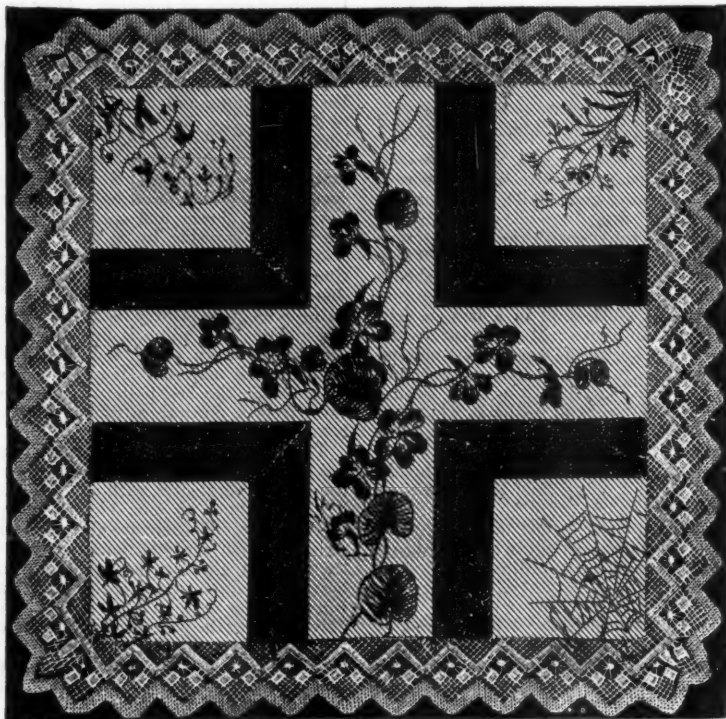
ORIGIN OF THE NOVELTY QUILT.—There is a lady in Illinois that has two little girls (almost of a size), and she (the lady) saved a small, square piece of each of their dresses—from the first dress, apron, sunbonnet, etc., until they were (the girls) ten and eleven years old. At about that time the lady thought that she was going to move away from where she lived, so she thought she would ask all her friends for a small piece of calico or gingham to put with these keepsakes of the children, and made a memory-quilt of it by writing their names down in a book and numbering them, then printed the number opposite their names on the piece of cloth that

they gave. She then took the blocks they gave her that were not like anything they wore, and pieced them together and called it a novelty quilt. The pattern is two and one-quarter inches square, and it takes about one thousand eight hundred pieces for a quilt.

For a novelty, each piece must be different calico or gingham. Some now have larger, three-cornered pieces, and call them Joseph's Coat, the Odd Fellow, Old Maid's Ramble, etc.

DELIA BROWN.

most medical men that metal respirators are not so healthy as respirators where the air is passed through wool. In cases of infection the spread of the disease to those engaged in personal attendance on the sick is often prevented if the contaminated air in the room is not breathed directly by the healthy person, but is passed through a disinfectant. To perpetually hold up to the mouth such a remedy is troublesome, but to fasten on something that will hold it is comparatively easy. Both for invalids and



TIDY.

TIDY.—This tidy is made of a square of light yellow satin. The corner pieces are made of deep yellow ribbon-velvet—it is mitred at the corners and sewed on the satin with invisible stitches.

The nasturtium vine, which is so popular now, is used for the centre decoration; it is embroidered on with silk in the natural shade. A small design is used in each corner.

It is lined with yellow sateen and edged with a fine torchon lace. It is a very dainty and artistic tidy, and will look well on any colored chair.

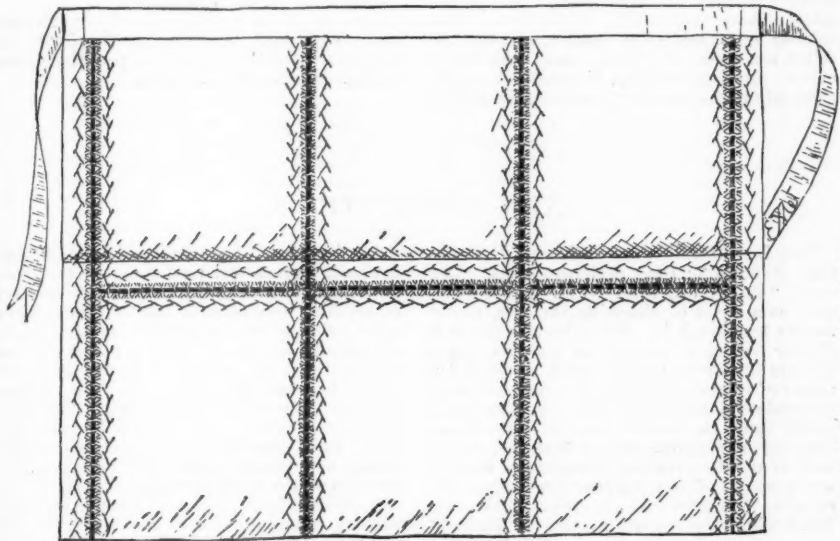
CROCHET RESPIRATORS.—For invalids of all ages the air should be warmed before it passes into delicate lungs, and it has been agreed by

their attendants the respirators made of wool will be found invaluable. They are made as follows: Use a fine bone crochet-hook and double Berlin wool, white and gray. First row, with the gray wool; four chain, into which work four double crochet. Second row, two double crochet into the first chain on previous row and one chain into each of the others, and finally make one chain. Work the rows in ribs by always inserting the hook into the back and not front loop of the stitch. Work twenty-one rows as the second row, increasing at each row by working two double crochet into the single chain made at the end of each row. Work two rows without increasing, and then decrease for twenty-one rows by taking two stitches together at the commencement of each row until only

four stitches remain, which cast off. Make a second piece of crochet with white wool, similar to the one made of gray wool; sew the two together and fasten a loop of elastic to one end of the respirator and a small button to the other, and put the respirator on by passing the elastic round the head. For wearing during nursing, drop small pieces of camphor between the two pieces of wool before they are sewn together entirely. The respirators can be knitted in double

require a piece that measures thirty-four by twenty-seven inches.

This is hemmed all around with a hem an inch and a quarter wide, the bottom being hemmed reverse, as it is to be turned up. The threads are drawn out for the space of a half an inch above the hem on the bottom and the narrowest width ribbon run through the cross threads. A row of feather-stitching is placed on each side of this, done in pink silk to match



FANCY APRON.

knitting as long as the work is increased in every row to the centre and then decreased.

FANCY APRON FOR WORK.—The beauty of this little apron cannot be conceived by the engraving, as its main beauty lies in the combination of color. It is made of cream-white cotton grenadine trimmed with rose pink. The materials can be purchased for twenty-eight cents a yard. For an apron as seen here, you will

the ribbon. This is then turned up on the apron to form the pocket—it should be ten inches deep. The open work and feather-stitching is used to divide the pockets and carried up to the waist. The four rows have a very pretty effect when the apron is worn.

Pink ribbon is run through the hem at the top and the apron shirred up on it and tied in a bow at the left side.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

SHORT basques are still worn almost exclusively and are shown on new dresses of all materials. The lining seams remain the same, but the outside fabric is put on in varied ways. The vest-front is in great favor and can be made of velvet or striped material. A front belt looks well of soft silk, eight or ten inches wide, laid across in careless folds at the waist line and above it. Shirt fronts, with box-plaits in the

middle, are liked and may lie smooth or hang loosely below the waist, while vests are preferred to most others and are made of varied materials. Norfolk jackets will be much worn and are made of bright surah silk, to be used with various skirts. A very effective one is made of poppy red surah, with jet trimmings, to be worn with white, black, or tan skirts. Jersey waists still hold their own, and are shown with box-plaits or lengthwise tucks in back and front, and are very much liked for lawn-tennis dresses.

There is little or no change in overskirts or draperies, the designs of the past season being repeated. One fancy for wool dresses is the overskirt that has only one seam and shows the selvage below; this is made of a double-width fabric, with its folds passing around the wearer, and maybe draped alike on each side high and far back, or else it may have an inverted V fold on one side and be caught up in plaits on the other side.

In thick fabrics panels are still used, inlaid between plaits of the dress goods, either on one side or down the middle of the front. For thinner stuffs, bridles or ladders, as they are called, are made of ribbons—satin, watered, or velvet—crossing the front diagonally from the right hip to the left foot, or else straight down

the left side from belt to foot. On one or two rows of ribbon are four clusters of bows if on one side, or else a cluster at top and bottom if across the front. These bows are four in each cluster, set closely together, and are of inch-wide picot ribbon tied in two loops three inches long when finished, and are tightly strapped. Some forked ends may be added to each cluster.

Black lace scarves are revived for wearing around the neck. They are worn high and tie in a large bow on the left side.

Dog collars are still in fashion.

Hats are worn very large and bonnets very small, with high trimming in the front. In fact, all the fashions of winter repeat themselves in lighter materials and colors.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LATE MRS. NULL. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. As a novel, "THE LATE MRS. NULL" is not a success; as a series of charming sketches, neatly thrown together, it is. Not so broadly funny as *Rudder Grange*, it possesses in its situations a delicate humor that is delightful to the jaded reader of extremes in light literature, and were the analytical portion a little less spun out it would carry the reader more breezily along. The most remarkable and original part of the book is the love-making, inasmuch as there is not a spark of the "divine fire" contained therein. We cannot for a moment suppose that Mr. Stockton has reached his time of life without an attack of the disease; possibly it may be that he labors under a feeling of bashfulness in this most delicate of topics. It is hard, indeed, to view this subject from any new point, but a man so bright and original as Mr. Stockton can surely give his readers something more natural in this line, which in all works of fiction occupies a prominent place, and justly so, provided always that it is presented artistically. The sketches of negro life are in the writer's well-known happy vein; the character of the old lady, Mrs. Keswick, with her peculiarities and fiery prejudices, is admirable, and the plot, while of the most slender proportions, has the merit of being unique. Altogether, Mr. Stockton has produced a pleasant, readable book, but unless he can give us something better we shall still continue to believe that the modern novel is not the *forte* of this gifted writer.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLE AND MR. HYDE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. A weird story, setting forth an old moral in a strange and original dress. But could it be possible that so deep and dreadful a depravity could exist alongside such qualities as were possessed by the other side of the man's nature? For a man brought up under the respectable environments of Dr. Jekyle, and possessing the attributes necessary to have made him the man he was, the question arises, why should not the

writer have carried that will and force of intellect still farther and used them in the overpowering of the baser self? or did the question of heredity here obtrude itself on the writer's mind, coloring his argument? If Mr. Stevenson simply wished to point a moral he has accomplished his task, but if he wished to present to his reader a consistent analysis of character he has not so well succeeded. The book, however, is written with much power and dramatic force, and holds the attention of the reader breathlessly to the end, leaving an impression on the mind not easily thrown off, and thereby calculated to do good work in causing a sense of watchfulness over the Mr. Hyde who at times obtrudes himself disagreeably within the life of each one of us. To those who do not look too closely between the lines, the book will prove its mission in many ways, and to all classes it will present itself as a parable of dramatic and absorbing interest.

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY; OR, FIFTY YEARS' MARCH OF THE REPUBLIC. By Andrew Carnegie. 1 Vol. Pp. 509. Cloth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, \$2.00. Mr. Carnegie in his clever work has given to the country a book that will possess the rare merit of becoming more and more valuable as time advances. It contains an astonishing collection of facts and figures, which we are assured by the writer may be relied upon. As a rule, Americans are too deeply immersed in the great whirlpool of national progress and prosperity to take a calm and dispassionate view of their absolute position and its relative attitude toward other countries. This Mr. Carnegie's book aims to do, and allowing for a somewhat enthusiastic and optimistic view of his subject, the book stands as a valuable reference for the future as well as for the present citizen. A great amount of patience and perseverance must have been employed in the writing of this book, and coming, as it does, from the pen of one who is an adopted son of the soil, it will undoubtedly, as it should,

prove successful. The book is brought out in the usual good style of the Scribners, and in every respect is a work that most people would like to have on their library shelves.

EXERCISES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SENSES. For young children. By Horace Grant, author of *Arithmetic for Young Children*. American edition, edited by Willard Small. Pp. 154. 1 Vol. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. A valuable little book of suggestions for the use of teachers engaged with very young children, supplementing, rather than trenching, on the kindergarten limits. It is sensible, well-conceived, and calculated to prove of great service in the province for which it has been written. We take pleasure in recommending it, not only to the teacher, but the parents and guardians of young children, as a book that, while aiming to sensibly direct, deprecates the unhealthy stimulation and overcrowding of the mind too often to be met with in the present day.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By George Makepeace Towle, author of *Henry*

V, Heroes of History, Modern Greece, Modern France, etc. 1 Vol. Cloth. Pp. 366. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. A clear, concise history of England and the English people from the Roman Conquest to the present time. The writer has dealt with facts rather than opinions, and given to his readers a history which forms a good foundation for a deeper study in the future, and he has evidently striven to present his subject as free from personal bias as possible. This is as it should be, leaving the mind free to judge for itself, and we therefore feel no hesitancy in recommending it to our youthful readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND HELD FOR REVIEW.

A WINTER IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO. By Helen J. Sanborn. 1 Vol. Cloth. Pp. 321. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

LAKE AND FOREST SERIFS. By Charles A. J. Farrar. **DOWN THE WEST BRANCH.** 1 Vol. Pp. 311. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE RAMBLER.

THE labor agitation that is seething and rolling in waves of fire over the surface of the whole civilized world is working out, more rapidly than almost than any other factor, the problem of the meaning of Life and the relations of man to man. Those who live amid the stir and onward march of events in this age, scarcely realize what a vast step forward the human race has taken within the remembrance of many who do not lay the least claim to be considered as the "oldest inhabitant." This is ever so among those who are interested for and participate in the stirring events of the day; indeed, it requires the lapse of many years to see with unbiased eyes, and judge with untrammelled minds, the effect that momentous events really exert over the whole of human progress. The last fifty years have witnessed such wonderful advance toward a better appreciation of Life and its significance, that we have but to think of the numerous reforms that have taken place in the world to feel encouraged in believing that though the present crisis is a portentous one, sweeping in its progress national horizons with cyclonic strength, yet it is one of those irresistible tides of reform from which there is no escape, bathing nations in a baptism of fire, but, with the mission of fire, separating the dross from the pure gold, and substituting a beautiful structure in place of the ashes of dead conditions and erroneous and mischievous interpretations of the attitude of man to man. The battle-cry of the present century appears to be "Truth, let us have Truth, cost what it may!" And the sooner both sides in this struggle recognize that the old is passing away and the new prevailing, the sooner the difficult question will be satisfactorily settled. Let

men keep their promised word *inviolable* one to another, combining wisdom and moderation with a firm determination to do for the right irrespective of entirely selfish interest. The greatest security in all affairs of a national or business nature is the *unbroken word of an honest man*. This view may be urged as Utopian. It is not. The greatest bar to ultimate success in all things is the word "impossible," a word, indeed, that had better be eliminated from the dictionary. Nothing within the revealed intelligence of man is "impossible," if we would but think so, and it only wants a strong good will and a strenuous, earnest effort to compass what we would if we have but zeal and patience. Upheaval and confusion will more or less ensue from the labor movement, not unaccompanied, perhaps, with bloodshed, but the good sense of the masses will prevail, and the seditious element will gradually become the dregs which separate from the purer, better part, and be thrown out on the refuse pile. This very movement in the United States may really be thanked as a salvation to the country at large from the terrors of an anarchist mob. Had communism and anarchy set up their standard instead of Labor, many ignorant men of the working class would have been induced to enroll themselves under their banner through the impression that only by some such means they might find redress for their wrongs. Fortunately, this has been forestalled by the labor movement, that embraces many thoughtful, earnest men in its ranks, who have both the intelligence to see its best policy and the moderation necessary for its accomplishment. The rulers of the Labor party cannot afford to have the fair fame of their organization smirched by

acts of lawlessness and ferocity, and gradually, but surely, Labor will combine with Capital to regulate such proceedings. By what means this struggle will terminate would be hard at the present time to prognosticate, but that the world will come out of the conflict ahead of its present condition may be confidently expected. Years ago, at the close of the Civil War, the writer said to a friend, "If another great war comes in our time it will be a war of Capital and Labor." And it has come, but it will be a war ruled by arbitration, and not by the cannon-ball, and the sooner the two sides recognize this fact the quicker and more satisfactorily will be the settlement. It is hard to see why Labor should not be recognized as possessing an individual strength, or why, if generosity rules the day, as it should do, why Capital should not admit that strength. Capital and Labor are equally necessary one to the other; the actual strength is so evenly balanced that the scales of Justice hang even, and the sooner the brotherhood of man is recognized, the fuller and more complete will the settlement become.

**

The speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill and his coadjutors, in reply to the magnificent effort of Mr. Gladstone in favor of Irish Home Rule, seem in their sentiments like an echo from out the Past. Those who will not move with the world, the world will leave behind, and in no instance has the wisdom of the Premier of England manifested itself so clearly and forcibly as in the present case. Over the vexed question of self-government in Ireland, the United Kingdom has worked along in the old grooves for many years, seemingly never dreaming that the way through the woods laid in a different direction, new and strange to old motives. Mr. John Morley in a speech to his constituents thus tersely puts the situation: "You have to face two things—a demoralized executive in Ireland, and a demoralized legislature at Westminster," and further says, "That we can go on governing Ireland on the system which has prevailed hitherto no mortal man can believe," and Mr. Gladstone, with consummate wisdom, recognizes this fact, and, with rare courage and decision, forces the question to a conclusion. True, however, to party spirit, which if strictly adhered to exerts the most blindly narrowing influence, the Tory leaders lay themselves open to severe criticism in their animadversions on the Home Bill. As well may they attempt to stay the force of a tidal wave, as to bank up truth and justice in their onward march. It may prove a temporary obstacle that will stem the tide of Reform, but the end comes steadily and surely, and the "mills of the Gods" are exact in their reckoning. Why then does Lord Churchill and his coadjutors treat us to such antiquated *bric-à-brac* in the matter of opinions as their perorations give us? Why not bury party spirit and let the right of fellowmen prove the strongest incentive to exertion? Why, indeed, cannot the good of the majority count against and win over partisan zeal and selfish interests? Rarely has such an effort as Mr. Gladstone's for the right been witnessed in the British Parliament, and the

venerable Premier should carry the good wishes of every friend to freedom with him. No greater act of his great life could crown his gray hairs, or reflect more brilliant lustre upon the nation, in the history of which he will form in the future, as he has in the past, a grand and imposing example of statesmanship.

**

In spite of the unsettled and transition state existing between the relations of capital and labor, a real attempt to elucidate the problem is being made in many directions. On the one side, that the capitalist may use his wealth for the benefit of the masses, quite as much as a persistent and just effort on the part of labor to secure for itself a lasting good. In numerous instances this is shown by a growing and vivid conception on the part of education to enter more fully into the "true inwardness" of the life of the masses and their needs. After all, a thorough understanding is the one thing needed all through this struggle. Humanity, as a rule, will not in the aggregate agree to persecute other bodies of men for the purpose of despotism, but behind all these manifestations lie the deep springs of selfishness and thoughtlessness; selfishness that blinds to all but its personal advancement, and thereby engendering thoughtlessness in regard to the life needs of others. But men are beginning to think; are beginning to pause in the races for personal advancement, and ask themselves what are the main springs and motives that direct the life outside their own narrow circle. A larger view of life and its meaning is broadening out over the earth, and the art of living is receiving in these days more study than the whole previous history of the world has ever shown. It is beginning to be understood that there cannot be prohibition of evil without substituting something in its place, and if we would have good citizens we must first give them good homes, or, when that is not a feasible thing, as near an approach to it as is possible. Make a man's abiding place to him an attractive one, and you immediately loosen the bonds of outside influence. The mere fact of feeling that he has a pleasant place in which he can spend his leisure hours quite as agreeably, far more profitably, and without an after-tinge of self-abasement and discontent, is one of the greatest moral supports that this world can give. To many, however, the fact of a home is impossible—young men whose business lies in the great city, many of them entirely destitute of near family influence, and with but few friends, if any, who are differently situated from themselves. The question arises, where is the leisure time of such men to be spent? Theatres, billiard and drinking saloons, constitute to the majority the easiest relaxation after a day's work, and the most complete change from the small, over-crowded room at the top of a city boarding-house, and offers too brilliant a temptation to be easily resisted. The career of a young man so situated is a problem that only time will solve, and he must indeed be strong, and, to speak honestly, somewhat of a prig, if he does not desire bright and pleasant things at this period of life. It is but right and good for his future that he should have them, and it is hardly pos-

sible that we will deny that good things may not be made quite as pleasant as evil ones. Illustrating this fact, the editor begs leave to bring to the notice of the reader the system, now in process of trial, of "Young Men's Parlors," established in different directions in the city limits, and accessible from all various points. Pleasant, bright rooms are provided, in which light and comfort combine to make things cheerful; interesting books, of all kinds, embracing religious, scientific, and popular literature, together with games of various sorts, even to billiards—for, mark ye, all moral means are good when used in moderation—are provided, the doors are then thrown open, and all are bidden welcome. Is not this what the old Puritan divine would have called "a saving means of grace"? We throw out this hint and leave it to the consideration of our readers.

**

The Caucasian race of this century, undoubtedly the dominant race of the world, have for so long a time enjoyed supremacy, both mental and physical, that they have grown to think that nothing can be wrong to which they give their mighty sanction, nor that they can learn anything from the tribes of men whom they have frowned upon as half-civilized or barbarian. But perhaps we are not quite so far along as we imagine, for hardly would even a savage kill his friend without provocation and then adorn his garments with his scalp as do many of the fair sex of the period—indeed, the gentlest and best are as ruthless as the rest in the matter of adopting, as ornaments, the lovely plumage of the "friends of God and man," as gentle St. Francis has called the innocent birds whose poor dead forms we see perched on the crest of every bonnet and hat and clustered into bands upon the costliest garments. Jane Ellis Joy, in the Philadelphia *Sunday Press*, tells the whole tragic story in the following pathetic lines, and shall we presume to say that the grief and suffering of a bird shall not be noted by Him who sees even the fall of a sparrow:

A FEATHERED SKEPTIC.

'Twas a bright-hued thing with a purple crest,
And blue-tipped wings and a scarlet breast;
But it warbled not from a leafy perch—
'Twas worn on a bonnet and seen in church.

Yet methought there came from its open beak,
That pointed down to my lady's cheek,
A quivering note that seemed to say:
"My blood be on her forever and aye!"

"O bird!" I exclaimed, "what a note to raise
Among Christian folk met for prayer and praise!"
To which, the bird, in a skeptical strain,
Chirped: "Christian women! and so inhumane!"

Then I thought it sang with a swelling throat,
And a tragical thrill in every note,
A lament for its fair, Brazilian glade,
And its mate last seen 'neath a palm-grove's shade.

It was piteous; and it seemed to me,
As the bird discoursed of its birdlings three—
Undeigned little ones, left to starve and die—
A tear trickled down from its poor glass eye.

No sermon, alas! that morning I heard,
No music other than song of that bird;
And I sadly wished, as I left my pew,
Every bonneted head had heard it too.

Women of this age, you can remedy this, if you will see to it, therefore, that the weight of responsibility resting on your soul is recognized ere it will be too late.

**

The minds of all kind-hearted and just people must naturally be in favor of the early-closing movement now agitated in our cities. One Philadelphia firm has most honorably taken the initiative in this good step, and the subjoined letter of Messrs. Darlington, Runk & Co., among the largest retail dealers of dry-goods in this city, speaks most excellently well for the good feeling and just sentiments of that firm. The letter needs no farther comment, for it will, without fail, commend itself to all minds:

EARLY CLOSING.

DARLINGTON, RUNK & CO. DEFINE THEIR POSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Evening Bulletin*.—The early-closing movement now being agitated in this city and New York has our warmest sympathy, and we are prepared to indorse any united action on the part of our merchants having in view the shortening of the hours now devoted to business. As an earnest of our views regarding this matter, we will, without any regard as to what others may do, close our store during the months of June, July, August, and September at five o'clock each day, except Saturday, when the store will be closed at one o'clock, making Friday our pay-day, instead of Saturday, as at present. And further, we will unite with the leading dry-goods merchants in closing at one o'clock on Saturday throughout the year, except the three weeks immediately preceding Christmas. It is to be distinctly understood that there shall be no reduction in compensation in consequence of early closing. In no city should this movement meet with a more hearty response than in Philadelphia, where so large a proportion of the employees in our large dry-goods establishments are females, who justly earn, by their conscientious devotion to their employers' interest, every consideration. If half a dozen of our dry-goods merchants will unite on this question and resolve to close their stores at the hours we have designated, the work is accomplished. At the close of the year, we feel quite confident the same volume of business will have been transacted, and, in addition, we will have the pleasure of knowing that we have contributed something toward lightening the burden that many are obliged to carry. Very respectfully,
DARLINGTON, RUNK & CO.

**

Some months ago there was brought before the Women's "New Century Club," of Philadelphia, the question of the advisability of petitioning the Mayor to appoint matrons in each of the station houses of that city, for the especial

care of such unfortunates of their own sex as might be brought there. No woman is so low that she cannot be still more degraded by the unthinking and matter-of-course manner in which the opposite sex indulge in regard to such circumstances. It is therefore a pleasure to learn that the committee appointed by the above-mentioned Club met with a hearty indorsement from the Mayor, with a recommendation to the effect that the proposition should be presented to Councils, and have a hearing at an early day. The advantages thus accruing from the contact of a good and sensible woman, at a time when misfortune and wickedness have wrought their rueful work, and the individual is suffering from its effects, can hardly be estimated; and it is to be hoped that not only may this measure be adopted in the large cities, but that the smaller towns, and wherever else needed, some such provision should be made, if only in the interests of common humanity.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1886.

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3 " "	5.00
4 " "	6.00
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15 " " " " "		30.00

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FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1886:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 937 and costs 35 cents, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. The material here illustrated is blue tennis flannel, and the garniture is cream mohair braid. The skirt is full and has a broad front section that is gathered to the belt. The back of the skirt is composed of a short upper portion which is also gathered to the belt, and a deep lower portion that is likewise gathered at the top and joined to the upper portion. The skirt hangs evenly all round and is trimmed above its hem with three rows of the braid.

The polonaise, owing to the fullness of the back skirt, is made up without back-drapery, and is novel and jaunty in effect. The right front is lapped in double-breasted fashion over the left, and the closing is made in double-breasted style with button-holes and fancy buttons. At the end of the closing the front edges are gathered up as closely as possible and bound, the edges being lapped under a prettily made bow of the braid. Single bust darts, side-back gores and a curving center seam adjust the polonaise beautifully, and the gatherings in the front edges are the only drapings. The back is in basque depth,

and the side-backs are curved correspondingly short and extended below the waistline to join at the center seam, over which their seam is tacked. The collar is in rolling style and is overlaid with braid, and the sleeves are in coat shape and encircled a little above the wrist edges with a row of braid.

Such costumes are pretty for travelling and sea-side and country wear, and will be as often developed in cottons as in woollens. Sateens, seersuckers, gingham, piques, cotton Ottomans, challis, nun's-vallings, serges, pongees, novelty woollens and Summer silks are all suited to the mode, and for dressy wear lace or embroidery will be a much-admired garniture. Sateens are so artistically colored this season that it is hard to distinguish between them and foulard silks. The similarity is increased by the fact that many of the silk designs are seen upon sateens. The skirt may be finished plainly, or it may be trimmed with lace, embroidery, velvet or fancy ribbon, passementerie, applique, etc.; and a similar garniture may be added to the polonaise.

The straw hat is prettily trimmed with a full scarf of velvet and a bunch of flowers.



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.



960

Front View.

960

Back View.

953

Front View.

953

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 960.—This costume is here developed in dark blue flannel, with braid in two widths for garniture. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, requires 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

CHILD'S CLOAK.

No. 953.—This stylish cloak pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and may be chosen for any fashionable cloaking material. For a child of 4 years, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 947.—White lawn was the material employed for the construction of this dainty costume, and the garniture is provided by finely wrought embroidery and satin ribbon. All sorts of fabrics will develop well in this way, and the decoration will usually consist of laces, nets or embroideries. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume in the combination pictured for a lady of medium size, needs 9 yards of goods 36 inches wide, with $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidery $5\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wide for the panels on the skirt. Of one material, it will require $16\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



947

Front View.

947

Back View.



962

Front View.

963

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 963.—This stylish pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



962

Back View.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 962.—These engravings portray a very handsome costume made of white linen lawn. The material is tucked crosswise for the vest, and handsome embroidery and satin ribbon provide the ornamental accessories. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be chosen for the development of all sorts of plain and fancy fabrics. For a miss of 12 years, it needs $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cts.

LADIES' WALK-
ING SKIRT.

No. 934.—The stylishly fashioned skirt displayed in these engravings may be developed in any variety of dress goods in vogue and trimmed in any preferred manner, if the plain finish be not desired. If a combination of two or more materials be admired, the center-front may be of a contrasting fabric, with very effective results. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require $12\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or 6 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



934

Side-Front View.

934

Side-Back View.



948

Front View.

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 948.—This jaunty jacket pattern, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 23 to 46 inches, bust measure, is a stylish fashion for coatings of all kinds and also for many varieties of dress goods. For a lady of medium size, it needs 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide, each with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



948

Back View.



929

INFANTS' CAP.

No. 929.—This becoming little head-covering is made of sheer white lawn, with lace-edged ruching for trimming. The pattern is in one size, and may be chosen for any appropriate material. To make a cap like it, will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

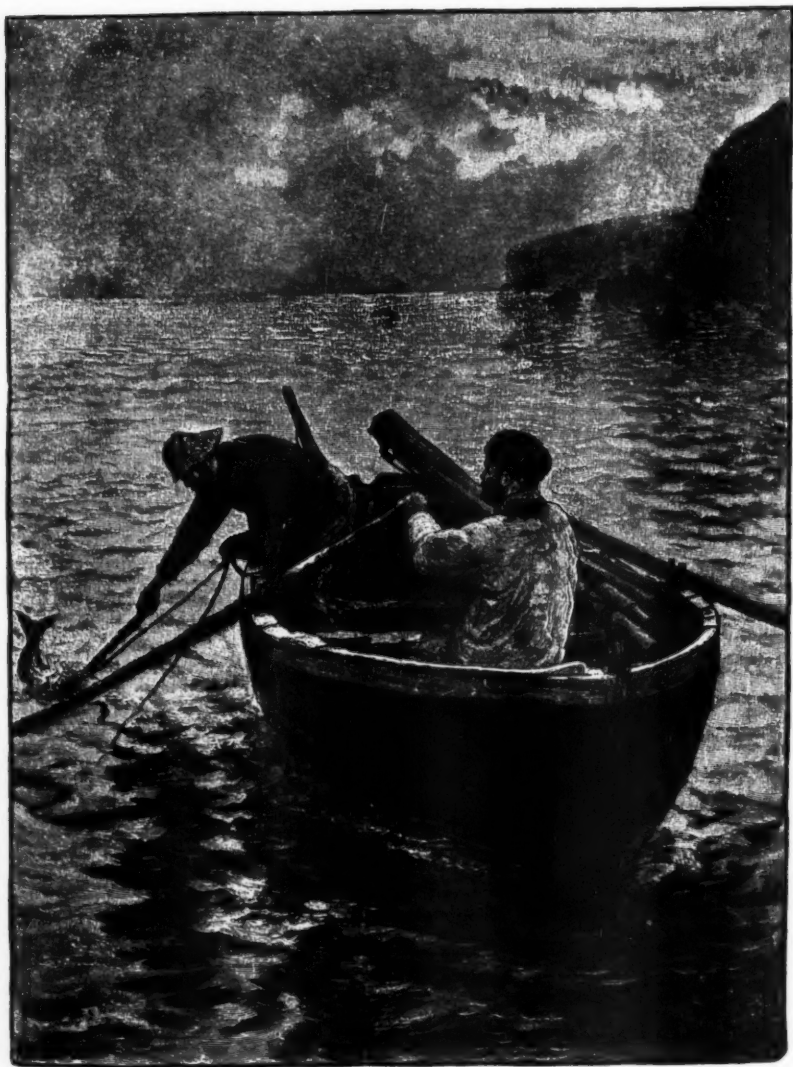
FIGURE No. 2.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 960. Summer flannel is the material here illustrated, and braid forms the trimming. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 30 cents. Of one material for a child of 4 years, it needs 3 yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide.



FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 951, which is here shown developed in plain gingham and Turkey-red. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a child of 4 years, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.



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